

LAHIRI'S SELECT POEMS

IN FOUR PARTS

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NOTICE

‘Lahiri’s Select Poems’ was originally compiled by three Head Masters in collaboration. The present new edition was carefully revised by Professor W. T. Webb and Prof. Aldis and subsequently by a Special Committee appointed by the Syndicate of the Calcutta University and is included in the list of text-books recommended for the Matriculation Examination for 1911. Prompted by the wish to keep alive the memory of his parents Mr. S. K. Lahiri now has made a gift of the Copy-right of the book to the University, with the condition that the sale proceeds of the book be utilized to create a fund out of which two gold medals to be called “Lahiri Medals” will annually be awarded to the two candidates who stand highest among the boy and girl candidates of the year in the B. A. Examination, in the subject of Mental and Moral Philosophy.

PREFACE.

The present Edition of the "Select Poems" is practically a new book. One third only of the original selections have been retained; a large number of new extracts from twenty-three poets previously unrepresented have been inserted. An Introduction on the importance, and the province of Poetry in Education and on the method of teaching it to a class takes the place of the old Introduction.

W. T. WEBB.

INTRODUCTION

Poetry may be defined as written composition that appeals to the imagination and emotions, and through these to our higher spiritual nature. Poetry does not address the intellect; it subordinates the intellect to the place of a mere tool. A single brief illustration will suffice. In Marvell's poem *Thoughts in a Garden* (No. 79), pronounced by a well known critic to be "a test of any reader's insight into the most poetical aspects of Poetry," the closing couplet of stanza 6 runs:—

Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

These lines are "of imagination all compact." More than this, they imply, in the subtlest undertones, the unity of Man with Nature, the eternal harmony between the sensuous and the spiritual. The thought they contain is like "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." Yet, as read by the mere intellect, the couplet is meaningless and even absurd.

What is proverbially said of the Poet himself is even more true of his work: 'a poem is born, not made.' And every poem is born with its own body. There is, or should be, a perfect harmony between the outward form of a poem and its inward essence. It would be impossible to write Gray's *Elegy* in blank verse, and since beautiful thoughts naturally clothe themselves in melodious sounds, it follows that there is some ground for the popular notion which identifies poetry with the presence of rhyme and metre and prose with the absence of both.

The use of poetry thus defined is self-evident. Ordinary school-work tests, disciplines, and develops the intellect alone, and the study of Poetry, appealing as it does to the imagination, is its necessary complement. It makes the young student more readily responsive to the finer influences of life, and less liable to be hardened in later years by worldliness and selfish aims. It provides him with a life-long fund of the highest and most elevating pleasure. Finally, Poetry is and ever has been the handmaid both of Patriotism and of Religion.

But the study of Poetry has also a lower and more immediate advantage. Nothing disciplines pupils better in the exact use of words. In a true poem each word has its special function; not one word could be altered or misplaced without injuring the beauty of the whole. Poetry therefore demands far more conscientious and word-by-word study than Prose. Let us take as an example the third stanza of Tennyson's *Tears, idle Tears*. (No. 56). :

Ab, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
 The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
 To dying eyes, *when unto dying eyes*
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square.

The passage italicised might conceivably bear two interpretations: (a) that the window, visible in detail to others, gradually becomes blurred into a misty square to eyes glazing in death; or (b) that the window, as the dawn slowly brightens, gradually becomes visible as a faintly luminous square to the sick man. At first sight (a) seems to be a tenable interpretation, which, however, breaks down under a close, word-by-word scrutiny.

(1) It makes the pathos of the situation centre in the "glimmering square"; whereas Tennyson clearly centres it in

the "earliest pipe of half-awakened birds." It is *that* which is so "sad and strange."

(2) The italicised clause is obviously added as a note of time to the time-adverb already given, "in dark summer dawns"; whereas interpretation (a) makes it a principal theme of the whole passage.

(3) It overlooks the physical fact that if the sense of sight were failing, the sense of hearing would be failing too, and the bird-notes would be as blurred as the window: and this Tennyson clearly does not intend.

(4) The word "grows" (not "fades into") implies that what previously had been blank nothingness is turning into a "glimmering square."

(5) It is out of unison with the key-word of the whole stanza, "DARK summer dawns." The time is that witching hour of the night before human eyes can detect the dawn, but when the bird-instinct feels it coming. It is just then that the mystic thrill of the "earliest pipe of half-awakened birds" is perceived. The sick man's senses are not dulled, if anything they are preternaturally acute; "dying" does not mean "at the point of death" but "doomed to die within a few days or hours." The pathos of the situation lies in the interpretation he cannot help giving to that bird-call:

O sweet and strange it seems to me, that ere this day is done
The voice that now is speaking may be beyond the sun.

The study of Poetry is useful in another direction; it should promote a wholesome love of Nature. The true poet is in some respects more accurate than the man of science; for the insight of the poet is educated by Love, and Love is always more keen-sighted than mere intellect. Tennyson is full of delicate Nature touches; so too is Wordsworth. What

fascinating word-pictures might be painted from such passages as the following :—

- (1) And waves of shadow went over the wheat (No. 27).
- (2) The wild hawk stood, with the down on his beak,
And stared, with his foot on the prey (*ib*).
- (3) And on a sudden, lo ! the level lake,
And the long glories of the winter moon (No. 77).
- (4) Like the wither'd moon
Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east (*ib*).
- (5) And sparkle out away the fern
To bicker down a valley (No. 78).
- (6) I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance
Among my skimming swallows (*ib*).
- (7) The waves beside them danced, but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee (No. 21).
- (8) And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven (No. 17).
- (9) And in the scowl of Heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking (No. 29).
- (10) Each purple peak, each flinty spire
Was bathed in flood of living fire (No. 48).
- (11) Thy (Evening's) dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil (No. 80).
- (12) The rooks, with busy caw,
Foraging for sticks and straw (No. 83).
- (13) Sudden the hill grew black, and hot as stove
The air beneath (No. 86).

No attempt at a scheme of Prosody has been included in this Introduction. English verse depends chiefly upon accent and subordinately upon quantity. The latter is indefinite, and the former has at least three degrees. A long syllable is a "mouth-ful," either from its broad vowel-sound or from the number of its consonants, as "I" or "strength." A short syllable is one that comes trippingly off the tongue, as "a" in *a man* or "at" in *at home*. Now a long syllable may be unaccented, and a short syllable may be strong accented, or the reverse for each; or either may be slightly accented. Hence we have *six* possible conditions for a syllable; and the old-

fashioned nomenclature of *iambus*, *spondee*, *dactyl*, *anapaest*, &c. is for English verse practically useless. The good teacher of poetry will train his pupil to trust to his own ear and instinct; as the good teacher of swimming discards corks and bladders and bids his pupil trust to the water.

It is impossible to give any exact classification of poetry. But for teaching purposes poems may be divided roughly into three classes, (1) Narrative (*e.g.*, Nos. 22, 29), (2) Descriptive (*e.g.*, Nos. 74, 78), (3) Reflective (*e.g.*, Nos. 58, 64). In thus classifying poems we must be guided by their *general* character; for few poems are devoid of traces of each of these three elements, especially the third. The next step is to give an explanation of its subject. In the case of Narrative and Descriptive poetry historical or geographical details, or such social facts and customs as the reader of the poem should be familiar with, to understand it readily, together with any unfamiliar objects or scenes, must be fully described. The Reflective element in a good poem should interpret itself all such difficulties have been made clear. In teaching the poem itself, the first step is to read it aloud, somewhat slowly and with clear, dramatic emphasis. A second reading (except for very easy poems) will usually be required. From such reading alone the pupils will learn much of what the poem has to teach. The scenes it describes will have passed before the mind's eye; the emotions it should awake will more or less have been felt.

The next step is to rivet these impressions by pointing out in detail, verse by verse, or line by line, how the words or phrases used, or entire sentences themselves, belong to the realm of Poetry, and not to that of Prose; how they are addressed, not to the intellect, but to the imagination and emotions. With this object, the *words* and *phrases* will be found to be short and simple, vivid and picturesque, rather than fully detailed; the

sentences will similarly be often unusual or inverted, if in that way they gain in force; while the *statements* be untrue, taken literally, though when understood pictorially, they suggest the exact picture to the imagination far more truly than any exact literalism could have done. In all these instances the teacher can bring these truths home, by making the class substitute the corresponding prose equivalents in word or phrase, and notice how, as a result, the pictorial force is weakened, the suggestiveness destroyed by such a change. The more important figures of speech, chiefly Personification and Metaphor, should be noted as they may occur. The plan of making pupils expand metaphors into similes is excellent; while the reverse process may occasionally be employed. In some poems we may find interesting traces of the writer's own personality, which should be pointed out, and if they have any important bearing upon the poem as a whole, should be considered at the outset. Any special cases of appropriateness in the metrical form or the sound of the words to the thought expressed should be noted.

Thus we have the following plan for teaching a poem:—

I. Determine the class to which it mainly belongs, and subordinately the class under which particular parts may more appropriately come.

II. General explanation of the subject as a whole.

III. Difficulties in words or phrases or constructions to be made clear.

IV. References and allusions to be explained.

V. Finally, after the poem has been read aloud by the teacher, in such a way as to bring out all its "points," the whole should be carefully analysed in detail with reference to the poetic appropriateness of (a) words, (b) phrases, (c) constructions, (d) statements, or (e) the use of *figures of speech*. Metrical appropriateness should also be noted.

When a poem has been thus thoroughly and intelligently mastered, individual members of the class, at the teacher's discretion, should read it aloud. The way they read it will be a good test of the extent to which they really appreciate its poetic beauty and power, and make the living voice a faithful interpreter of the poet's soul.

Last of all the poems should be learned by heart. If a poem has been well taught, the class will almost know it by heart already ; and the slight additional effort of memory will be felt to be a useful and necessary completion of the work. And when thus learned by heart, recitation should take the place of reading.

We will now take two poems, Nos 21 and 15, to exemplify the foregoing plan.

NO. 21. THE DAFFODILS.

I. This poem is mainly *Descriptive*. But the closing stanza, with the two lines that lead up to it are *Reflective*. The *Narrative* element finds here no place. We may contrast it with *Simon Lee* (No. 49), a narrative poem, which also leads up to its moral in a *reflective* stanza.

II. The subject of this description is a broad belt of full-blown daffodils, growing on the wooded shore of an inland lake. It was written in 1804 at Townend, Grasmere. Wordsworth himself has prefixed a note about it :—"The daffodils grew and still grow on the margin of Ullswater ; and probably may be seen to this day, as beautiful in the month of March, nodding their golden heads beside the dancing and foaming waves." Ullswater is a long lake about the centre of Cumberland, some seven miles to the north-east of Grasmere. The Indian teacher meets with a difficulty at the outset, since daffodils will probably be unknown to

his class. This must be met by the use of coloured pictures, in books or on wall-sheets; and by showing the class specimens of available flowers that most nearly resemble the daffodil. Wordsworth's personality is strongly impressed upon this poem. His chief delight was in solitary communing with Nature, among mountains and streams. The larger features of earth and sky chiefly drew his attention. Clouds he especially loved and broad sweeps of woodland or lake. We never meet in Wordsworth with those minutely observant touches in which Tennyson delights.

III. Notice the following words :—

Floats. No other word will do; try 'hangs', 'sails,' etc. It perfectly expresses Wordsworth's thought here, and is true to Nature and fact. Among the Cumbrian hills and lakes such solitary, almost motionless, clouds can form only on days of clear, settled weather.

Fluttering and dancing. Distinguish between these two. The "dancing" is the movement of the flower-head as a whole, caused by the swaying of the stalk; the "fluttering" is the rapid vibration of the loose petals.

Ten thousand saw I. A poetical statement, implying merely a very large number. The mention of the exact number, if it could be found, would be prose, not poetry. The words "ten thousand" are used only to call up a picture before the mind's eye; a picture in which the individuality of the flowers, just as much as their number is lost in a sea of glory.

Outdid. Observe the vivid *personification* of the daffodils implied in this verb; in itself as commonplace a word as

can be met with. Notice how this personification is carried out and brought to a climax in the phrase, "a jocund company."

Dances with the daffodils. Notice the musical alliteration here. Finally notice how perfectly suited is the metrical form of the stanzas to the feeling of the whole; the contrast between the sustained alternate rhymes of the first four lines with the repose of the closing couplet. In this instance, as in every genuine poem, the outward form perfectly embodies the inward feeling and thought.

NO. 15. HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM
GHENT TO AIX.

I. This poem belongs to the *Narrative* class. There are *Descriptive* touches, but there is no trace of the *Reflective* element. Browning himself classes this poem as a "Dramatic Lyric," and is careful to point out that in such poems some one else is speaking, not Browning himself. The great difference between Browning and Wordsworth was this: Wordsworth lived alone with Nature: Browning lived in sympathetic fellowship with all sorts and conditions of men. He subordinated his own personality to the dramatic instinct; i. e., the passion for putting oneself in imagination, in some one else's place; feeling as he would feel, and saying what he would say. Hence while Wordsworth's narrative poems are full of moralizings and sentiments, the dramatic lyrics of Browning bring us face to face with a living man. There is always an underlying moral; but we have to find it out for ourselves, just as we should in the real world of fact.

II. The subject of the poem is the story of a hundred-mile ride, at full gallop, on a business of life and death. To undertake such a ride is to risk one's own life, and almost certainly

to cause the death of one's horse. Nothing but dire necessity could justify such a risk ; and this, the necessary moral justification for the poem, is put prominently forward in the title. The city of Aix is in imminent peril ; her citizens are starving, and on the point of surrender. Some important military or political event has occurred, and the news of it reaches Ghent some time after midnight. It is known in Ghent that the people of Aix will surrender unconditionally to the enemy by noon that very day. Can the news be taken to Aix in time ? Fortunately the country between Ghent and Aix is open ; we may suppose that it has been laid waste so completely that the besiegers of Aix had no need to blockade that side of the town. It is now about three o'clock in the morning. Three men volunteer : one a native of Aix, who is the speaker (we will call him Martin,) and who has a splendid horse named Roland ; another, apparently his friend, named Joris, mounted on a roan or red-coloured horse ; and a third, Dirck, whose horse is named Roos. The poem opens as they start. Browning has prefixed the vague date " 16—" to this poem. We know that he wrote it, on board a steamer in the Mediterranean, in a flash of inspiration, on the fly-leaf of a book, as he was recovering from a fortnight's sea-sickness in the Bay of Biscay. He must have borrowed the supposed incidents from reminiscences of his boyish reading.

He was often questioned about it ; and had to admit that the supposed events had no foundation in historic facts.

There are in this poem unmistakeable traces of Browning's own personality. He was a daring and a skilful rider ; and as he wrote the lines, he was probably thinking of his own " good horse Torke " in his far-away stable. He knew that, five years before he wrote this poem, he had travelled to St. Petersburg as the guest of the Russian ambassador. During the

latter part of that journey they had driven, day after day, through long stretches of snow-clad pine-forests as fast as six galloping post-horses could take them. If as is likely they began their journey by sailing from London to Ostend, they would naturally have followed the very route from Ghent to Aix described in this poem, and under very similar conditions. Thus, probably, the scenery is all described from actual remembrance.

III. The following words require explanation :—

Postern, a gate closing a covered passage through the city-walls. This gate was on the city side of the passage ; and the “ watch ,” or guard, were on duty there all night to allow none but properly authorized persons either to enter or leave the city.

Girths, the broad band round the horse's body which holds the saddle firm ; **stirrups**, the strap, adjustable by a buckle to any length of leg. It hangs from the saddle, one on each side, and holds the iron foot-rest. **Pique**, peak or point ; **cheek-strap**, a strap hanging down the side of the horse's head, being part of the bridle by which the “ bit ” is held in its place ; **bit**, an iron placed in the horse's mouth, held up by the bridle and kept in its place by a broad chain passing round the horse's lip ; this controls and guides the horse. The exact adjustment of each of the above makes all the difference to the comfort and security both of rider and of horse. It is implied that while the three men were getting ready, their comrades saddled the horses, so that not a moment should be wasted. An expert rider could make these adjustment even while galloping.

Half-chime. Church clocks usually play a tune on the bells in four sections, *a, b, c, d*, at each of the quarter hours.

At a quarter past the hour *a* is sounded at half past, *ab* ; at a quarter to *abc* ; and at the hour *abcd*. followed by the number of the hour on a deeper-toned bell. The "half-chime" thus means 'half past the hour,' or 5-30 A. M., for the sun had risen above the mist when they reached Aerschot (stanza 4.)

Dome-spire. The cathedral at Aix was built on the model of the Italian church of St. Vitale, in Ravenna, with a pointed cupola ; not unlike the dome of an eastern mosque.

Croup, the horse's rump or tail bone. Cf. the phrase, 'to tumble head over heels.'

Buff-coat, a thick leather coat worn by soldiers.

Holster, leather cases for holding pistols, fastened in front of the saddle.

Jack-boots, heavy boots that came above the knees.

Peer, equal.

IV. For the topography of the poem, the teacher should draw on the black-board a sketch map of Belgium, with a narrow strip of Germany, so as to shew the exact positions of Ghent, Lokeren, Boom, Duffeld, Mecheln (Malines), Aerschot, Hasselt, Looz, Tongres, Dalhem, and Aix (Aachen) taken from a good atlas.

Moonset. Gives no clue either to the time of day, or the time of year ; it is a mere picturesque detail, like the unhistorical moon in *the Burial of Sir John Moore*, No. 22. The setting of the moon after midnight produces the feeling of chilly cold and dread.

A great yellow star can only be the planet Venus. Sirius, the brightest of all the fixed stars, would be near the eastern horizon at that time of the year ; but would not be bright enough to shine through the mist, so near to sunrise.

V. l. 1 and he Why this contemptuous "he" stanza I l. 2 and stanza II. l. 2 shew us that Dirck galloped next to the speaker, (Martin) between him and Joris, all the way from Ghent to Hasselt. If we compare St. VI, ll. 1, 2, with Stanzas II, V, IX and X we easily see why Martin had an instinctive dislike to Dirck. Stanza X, ll. 4, 5 indicate that Martin was a native of Aix and stanza VII, l. 1, almost proves that Joris was so too; but Dirck's name implies that he was Dutch, so that a national antipathy may have intensified a moral antipathy.

1. 4. "speed" echoed the wall. This,—while literally impossible, vividly brings home to us the swiftness with which they galloped through the postern-archway, so as to catch up the sound of the watch-mens "Good speed."
1. 5. Sank to rest. Notice the metaphor, and expand it into a simile. It expresses very beautifully the gradual fading of the city lights behind them, until they are swallowed up in the surrounding midnight.
1. 20. The cattle stood, black every one. This does not mean that the cattle actually were black; merely that they appeared so. If you look at the sun through a minute pinhole, and then put a candle flame between you and the sun, the flame will look quite black.
1. 19. Up leaped (and came out to see in St. III). A vivid description of the sudden appearance of the sun (or star) as the low-lying mist clears away. This is more sudden in the case of the sun, because its warmth helps to scatter the mist. Notice the effective contrast between the galloping horsemen and the calm motionless cattle.
1. 31. Stay spur, 'leave off spurring.' This shows Dirck to have been a cruel rider, intent only on winning the race.

He must have known that his horse was almost dead-beat. Observe the contrast between the slow death of Roos, and the sudden death of Joris's "roan." The latter died as a good horse may die with a good rider; it gallops till its heart stops and it falls dead at once.

1. 39. **broad sun...laugh.** Notice the vivid personification. The epithet "broad" has a distinct force. It is an optical law that the brightness of a star or planet increases its apparent size. The sun looked "broad" because its rays were so intense and the air was so clear.
1. 45. **The whole weight.** Notice the metaphor implied in this word.

When a poem has been thus critically studied, the class may be set to write out an exact prose paraphrase of it; bringing into prominence all the points to which their attention has been drawn.

The metre calls for some comment. Each stanza has six lines, as in Wordsworth's *Daffodils*; but notice the effect of the continuous couplet rhymes. Had the rhyming system of the *Daffodils* been adopted here, it would have given the impression that the horses stopped for a rest at the end of each stanza. Observe too the 'galloping effect' of the metre. Each measure or 'foot' consists of two unaccented syllables followed by an accented one; the three syllable 'feet' being varied occasionally by two-syllable ones, to prevent monotony. Note Browning's art in making these modifications of metre embody the imagined feeling. Thus in l. 4 the emphatic, long-drawn vowel of "speed," where a short unemphatic syllable should have been, makes us hear the prolonged echo. A similar effect is produced by the first "stride" of l. 8; and by the long "chained"

of l. 11. Still more effective are the heavy, labouring lines that describe the slow death of Roos in Stanza VI, emphasised by the alliteration of the six s's and the five li's, and the long mouth-filling syllables.

The obvious "moral" of the poem lies in the deep sense of sympathy with the animal world inculcated by it. Dirck is the type of the ordinary selfish careless man who uses animals only to serve his own ends. Joris and Martin are both sympathetic riders; and for each the horse does all that a horse can do. But Roland is the real hero of the poem; he is the ideal horse, as Martin is the ideal rider; and so they two alone succeed. But there is a deeper underlying "moral"; for the poem, though unintentionally, sets forth in an allegory the true relation between God and the human soul—

—Just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence, ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance.

It was the perfect sympathy between Roland and his rider that enabled them to achieve a feat otherwise impossible. So too when the soul consciously realizes its true relation to God and responds perfectly to His Voice, then alone Man—

Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries it shall be done.

CONTENTS



First Part

		PAGE.
INTRODUCTION	...	i
I A Child's Thought of God	<i>Elizabeth Browning</i>	1
II To Daffodils	<i>Herrick</i>	2
III Answer to a Child's Question	<i>Coleridge</i>	3
IV A Child's Song	<i>Moore</i>	3
V The Poplar Field	<i>Cowper</i>	4
VI The Cuckoo	<i>Logan</i>	5
VII The Echoing Green	<i>Blake</i>	6
VIII Septemher	<i>Howitt</i>	7
IX Lullaby of an Infant Chief	<i>Scott</i>	8
X We are Seven	<i>Wordsworth</i>	9
XI Lessons from the Gorse	<i>Elizabeth Browning</i>	12
XII On the Loss of the Royal George	<i>Cowper</i>	13
XIII The Forced Recruit	<i>Elizabeth Browning</i>	15
XIV The Children's Hour	<i>Longfellow</i>	18
XV How they brought the Good News	<i>Browning</i>	19

Second Part

XVI Abou Ben Adhem and the Angel	<i>Leigh Hunt</i>	23
XVII Address to the Deity	<i>Moore</i>	24
XVIII The Happy Life	<i>Wotton</i>	25
XIX The Quiet Life	<i>Pope</i>	26
XX To Blossoms	<i>Herrick</i>	27
XXI The Daffodils	<i>Wordsworth</i>	27
XXII The Burial of Sir John Moore	<i>Wolfe</i>	28
XXIII Patriotism	<i>Scott</i>	30
XXIV Ye Mariners of England	<i>Campbell</i>	31
XXV After Blenheim	<i>Southey</i>	33
XXVI The Fairies' Grotto	<i>Shenstone</i>	35

		PAGE
XXVII	The Poet's Song	<i>Tennyson</i> 36
XXVIII	The Diverting History of John Gilpin	<i>Cowper</i> 37
XXIX	Lord Ullin's Daughter	<i>Campbell</i> 47
XXX	The Soldier's Dream	" 49
XXXI	The Light of other Days	<i>Moore</i> 50
XXXII	Lucy Gray	<i>Wordsworth</i> 52
XXXIII	Farewell to England	<i>Byron</i> 54
XXXIV	The Village Blacksmith	<i>Longfellow</i> 57
XXXV	My Kate	<i>Elizabeth Browning</i> 59

Third Part

XXXVI	A Morning Hymn	<i>Ken</i> 61
XXXVII	The Gifts of God	<i>Herbert</i> 62
XXXVIII	The Sands of Dee	<i>Kingsley</i> 63
XXXIX	The Ancient Mariner	<i>Coleridge</i> 64
XL	A Musical Instrument	<i>Elizabeth Browning</i> 76
XLI	The Poor Fisherman	<i>Crabbe</i> 78
XLII	On the Receipt of my Mother's Picture	<i>Cowper</i> 78
XLIII	The Happy Heart	<i>Dekker</i> 83
XLIV	Ode to Evening	<i>Warton</i> 84
XLV	The Ocean	<i>Byron</i> 85
XLVI	Sonnets to America	<i>Dobell</i> 87
XLVII	The Pied Piper of Hamelin	<i>Browning</i> 88
XLVIII	The Lady of the Lake	<i>Scott</i> 90
XLIX	Simon Lee The Old Huntsman	<i>Wordsworth</i> 103
L	Contentment	<i>Dyer</i> 107
LI	Walter Von Der Vogelweid	<i>Longfellow</i> 109
LII	Epitaph on a Harp	<i>Cowper</i> 111
LIII	The Charge of the Light Brigade	<i>Tennyson</i> 113
LIV	For A' That And A' That	<i>Burns</i> 115
LV	Hiawatha's Childhood	<i>Longfellow</i> 117
LVI	The Days that are no more	<i>Tennyson</i> 123

Fourth Part

LVII	On his having arrived at the age of Twenty-three	<i>Milton</i> 125
LVIII	On his Blindness	" 126

			PAGE.
LIX	Hail, Holy Light	<i>Milton</i>	126
LX	Mountain Ranges	<i>Webb</i>	128
LXI	The Seven Ages of Man	<i>Shakspeare</i>	129
LXII	To the Cuckoo	<i>Wordsworth</i>	130
LXIII	Fidele	<i>Shakspeare</i>	131
LXIV	The Scholar	<i>Southey</i>	132
LXV	Hamlet's Soliloquy	<i>Shakspeare</i>	133
LXVI	Shakspeare's England	"	135
LXVII	His Royal Throne of Kings	"	135
LXVIII	To the Rev. F. D. Maurice	<i>Tennyson</i>	136
LXIX	To the Skylark	<i>Wordsworth</i>	138
LXX	Ode to Duty	"	139
LXXI	The world is too much with us	"	141
LXXII	Upon Westminster Bridge	"	142
LXXIII	On First looking into Chapman's Homer	<i>Keats</i>	142
LXXIV	The Deserted Village	<i>Goldsmith</i>	143
LXXV	Traveller	"	152
LXXVI	Elegy written in a Country Church-yard	<i>Gray</i>	153
LXXVII	Morte D'Arthur	<i>Tennyson</i>	158
LXXVIII	The Brook	"	167
LXXIX	The Thoughts in a Garden	<i>A. Marvel</i>	170
LXXX	Ode to Evening	<i>Collins</i>	172
LXXXI	The Universal Prayer	<i>Pope</i>	175
LXXXII	Ode to Nightingale	<i>J. Keats</i>	177
LXXXIII	The Realm of Fancy	"	180
LXXXIV	Summer Rain	<i>Hartley Coleridge</i>	182
LXXXV	On a Deaf and Dumb Little Girl	"	183
LXXXVI	The Death Bed	<i>Hood</i>	184
LXXXVII	A Hymn of Thanksgiving	<i>Addison</i>	185
LXXXVIII	The Beatific Vision	<i>Wesley</i>	187
	INDEX OF AUTHORS	...	189
	INDEX OF FIRST LINES	...	201

LAHIRI'S SELECT POEMS

IN FOUR PARTS

FIRST PART

I

A CHILD'S THOUGHT OF GOD.

I.

THEY say that God lives very high ;
But if you look above the pines
You cannot see our God ; and why ?

II.

And if you dig down in the mines
You never see Him in the gold ;
Though from Him all that's glory shines.

III.

God is so good, He wears a fold
Of heaven and earth across His face—
Like secrets kept, for love, untold.

IV.

But still I feel that His embrace
Slides down by thrills, through all things made,
Through sight and sound of every place.

V.

As if my tender mother laid
On my shut lips her kisses' pressure,
Half-waking me at night, and said
" Who kissed you through the dark, dear guesser ?"
——— *Elizabeth Browning.*

II

TO DAFFODILS.

FAIR Daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon :
As yet the early-rising Sun
Has not attain'd his noon.
Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the even-song
And, having pray'd together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you,
We have as short a Spring ;
As quick a growth to meet decay
As you, or anything.
We die,
As your hours do, and dry
Away
Like to the Summer's rain ;
Or as the pearls of morning's dew
Ne'er to be found again.

——— *Herrick.*

III

ANSWER TO A CHILD'S QUESTION.

Do you ask what the birds say? The sparrow, the dove,
The linnet and thrush say "I love, and I love!"
In the winter they 're silent, the wind is so strong;
What it says I don't know, but it sings a loud song.
But green leaves, and blossoms, and sunny warm weather,
And singing and loving—all come back together.
But the lark is so brimful of gladness and love,
The green fields below him, the blue sky above,
That he sings, and he sings, and for ever sings he,
"I love my Love, and my Love loves me."

Coleridge.

IV

A CHILD'S SONG.

I HAVE a garden of my own,
Shining with flowers of every hue;
I loved it dearly while alone
But I shall love it more with you;
And there the golden bees shall come,
In summer-time at break of morn,
And wake us with their busy hum
Around the Siha's fragrant thorn.

I have a fawn from Aden's land,
On leafy buds and berries nurst
And you shall feed him from your hand,
Though he may start with fear at first.

And I will lead you where he lies
For shelter in the noon-tide heat :
And you may touch his sleeping eyes,
And feel his little silvery feet.

——— *Moore.*

v

THE POPLAR FIELD.

THE poplars are fell'd ; farewell to the shade
And the whispering sound of the cool colonnade ;
The winds play no longer and sing in the leaves,
Nor Ouse on his bosom their image receives.

Twelve years have elapsed since I first took a view
Of my favourite field, and the bank where they grew
And now in the grass behold they are laid,
And the tree is my seat that once lent me a shade !

The blackbird has fled to another retreat
Where the hazels afford him a screen from the heat ;
And the scene where his melody charm'd me before
Resounds with his sweet-flowing ditty no more.

My fugitive years are all hasting away,
And I must ere long lie as lowly as they,
With a turf on my breast and a stone at my head,
Ere another such grove shall arise in its stead.

The change both my heart and my fancy employs ;
I reflect on the frailty of man and his joys :
Short-lived as we are, yet our pleasures, we see,
Have a still shorter date, and die sooner than we.

VI

THE CUCKOO.

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the grove !
Thou messenger of spring !
Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear ;—
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year ?

Delightful visitant ! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

The school-boy wandering through the wood ,
To pluck the primrose gay,
Starts, the new voice of spring to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,
Thou fliest the vocal vale,
An annual guest, in other lands
Another spring to hail.

Sweet bird ! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear ;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year.

Oh ! could I fly, I'd fly with thee ;
We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the spring.

Logan.

VII

THE ECHOING GREEN.

THE Sun does arise
And make happy the skies ;
The merry bells ring
To welcome the Spring ;
The skylark and thrush
The birds of the bush,
Sing louder around
To the bells' cheerful sound ;
While our sports shall be seen
On the echoing green.

Old John with white hair
Does laugh away care,
Sitting under the oak
Among the old folk.
They laugh at our play,
And soon they all say,
" Such, such were the joys
When we all, girls and boys,
In our youth-time were seen
On the echoing green."

Till the little ones, weary,
No more can be merry :
The sun does descend
And our sports have an end
Round the laps of their mothers,
Many sisters and brothers,
Like birds in their nest,
Are ready for rest,
And sport no more seen
On the echoing green.

Blake.

VIII

SEPTEMBER.

THERE are twelve months throughout the year,
From January to December—
And the primest month of all the twelve
Is the merry month of September !
Then apples so red
Hang overhead,
And nuts ripe-brown
Come showering down
In the bountiful days of September !

There are flowers enough in the summer-time,
More flowers than I can remember—
But none with the purple, gold, and red
That dyes the flowers of September !
The gorgeous flowers of September !

And the sun looks through
A clearer blue,
And the moon at night
Sheds a clearer light
On the beautiful flowers of September !

The poor too often go scant and bare,
But it glads my soul to remember
That 'tis harvest-time throughout the land
In the bountiful month of September !
Oh ! the good, kind month of September !

It giveth the poor
The growth of the moor
And young and old
'Mong sheaves of gold,
Go gleanin in rich September.

Howitt.

IX

LULLABY OF AN INFANT CHIEF.

OH, hush thee, my baby ! thy sire was a knight,
Thy mother a lady, both lovely and bright ;
The woods and the glens, from the towers which we see
They all are belonging, dear baby, to thee.

Oh ! fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows !
It calls but the warders that guard thy repose ;
Their bows would be bended, their blades would be red
Ere the step of a foeman draws near to thy bed.

Oh, hush thee, my baby ! the time will soon come
When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum ;
Then hush thee, my darling ! take rest while you may ;
For strife comes with manhood, and waking with day.

Scott.

X

WE ARE SEVEN.

A SIMPLE child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death ?

I met a little cottage girl :
She was eight years old, she said ;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad ;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair ;
—Her beauty made me glad.

“Sisters and brothers, little Maid,
How many may you be ?”
“How many ? Seven in all,” she said,
And wondering looked at me.

"And where are they ? I pray you tell."

She answered, "Seven are we ;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the church-yard lie,
My sister and my brother ;
And in the church-yard cottage, I
Dwell near them, with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea ;
Yet ye are seven !—I pray you tell,
Sweet Maid, how this may be."

Then did the little Maid reply,
"Seven boys and girls are we ;
Two of us in the church-yard lie,
Beneath the church-yard tree."

"You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive ;
If two are in the church-yard laid,
Then you are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little Maid replied,
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door
And they are side by side.

“ My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem ;
And there upon the ground I sit,
I sit and sing to them.

“ And often after sunset, Sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

“ The first that died was little Jane ;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain ;
And then she went away.

“ So in the church-yard she was laid ;
And, when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

“ And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side. ”

“ How many are you, then,” said I,
“ If they two are in Heaven ? ”
Quick was the little Maid’s reply,
“ O master ! we are seven.”

“ But they are dead : those two are dead !
• Their spirits are in Heaven ! ”
’Twas throwing words away ; for still
The little Maid would have her will,
And said, “ Nay, we are seven ! ”

Wordsworth.

XI

LESSONS FROM THE GORSE.

I.

MOUNTAIN gorses, ever-golden.
Cankered not the whole year long !
Do ye teach us to be strong,
Howsoever pricked and holden
Like your thorny blooms, and so
Trodden on by rain and snow,
Up the hill-side of this life, as bleak as where ye grow ?

II.

Mountain blossoms, shining blossoms,
Do ye teach us to be glad
When no summer can be had,
Blooming in our inward bosoms ?
Ye, whom God preserveth still,
Set as lights upon a hill,
Tokens to the wintry earth that Beauty liveth still !

III.

Mountain gorses, do ye teach us
From that academic chair
Canopied with azure air,
That the wisest word man reaches
Is the humblest he can speak ?
Ye, who live on mountain peak,
Yet live low along the ground, beside the grasses meek !

IV.

Mountain gorses, since Linnæus
Knelt beside you on the sod,
For your beauty thanking God,—
For your teaching, ye should see us
Bowing in prostration new !
Whence arisen,—if one or two
Drops be on our cheeks—O world, they are not tears
but dew.

Elizabeth Browning.

XII

ON THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE

TOLL ~~for~~ the brave !
The brave that are no more !
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore !

Eight hundred of the brave,
• Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel,
And laid her on her side.

A land-breeze shook the shrouds,
And she was overset ;
Down went the Royal George,
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave !
Brave Kempenfelt is gone ;
His last sea-fight is fought,
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle ;
No tempest gave the shock ;
She sprang no fatal leak ;
She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath ;
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up.
Once dreaded by our foes !
And mingle with our cup
The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound
And she may float again,
Full charged with England's thunder
And plough the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone,
His victories are o'er ;
And he and his eight hundred
Shall plough the wave no more.

Cowper.

XIII

THE FORCED RECRUIT.

SOLFERINO, 1859.

I.

IN the ranks of the Austrian you found him,
He died with his face to you all ;
Yet bury him here where around him
You honour your bravest that fall.

II.

Venetian, fair-featured and slender,
He lies shot to death in his youth,
With a smile on his lips over-tender
For any mere soldier's dead mouth.

III.

No stranger, and yet not a traitor,
Though alien the cloth on his breast,
Underneath it how seldom a greater
Young heart, has a shot sent to rest !

IV.

By your enemy tortured and goaded
To march with them, stand in their file,
His musket (see) never was loaded,
He facing your guns with that smile !

V.

As orphans yearn on to their mothers,
He yearned to your patriot bands ;
'Let me die for our Italy, brothers,
If not your ranks, by your hands !'

VI.

'Aim straightly, fire steadily ! spare me
A ball in the body which may
Deliver my heart here, and tear me
This badge of the Austrian away !'

VII.

So thought he, so died he this morning.
What then ? many others have died.
Ay, but easy for men to die scorning
The death-stroke, who fought side by side—

VIII.

One tricolor floating above them ;
Struck down 'mid triumphant acclaims
Of an Italy rescued to love them
And blazon the brass with their names.

IX.

But he,—without witness or honour,
Mixed, shamed in his country's regard,
With the tyrants who march in upon her,
Died faithful and passive : 'twas hard.

X.

'Twas sublime. In a cruel restriction
Cut off from the guerdon of sons,
With most filial obedience, conviction,
His soul kissed the lips of her guns.

XI.

That moves you ? Nay, grudge not to show it,
While digging a grave for him here :
The others' who died, says your poet,
Have glory,—let *him* have a tear.

Elizabeth Browning.

XIV

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

BETWEEN the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence :
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall !
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall !

They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair ;
If I try to escape they surround me ;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine !

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old moustache as I am
Is not a match for you all !

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you for ever,
Yes, for ever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away !

— *Longfellow.*

XV

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD
NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX.

I.

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he ;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all Three ;
“ Good speed ! ” cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew ;
“ Speed ! ” echoed the wall to us galloping through ;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast

II.

Not a word to each other ; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride for stride, never changing our place ;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

III.

'Twas moonset at starting ; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew, and twilight dawned clear ;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see ;
At Düffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be ;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime
So Joris broke silence with, " Yet there is time ! "

IV.

At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare thro' the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze as some bluff river headland its spray.

V.

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track ;
And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance !

And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on. .

VI.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned ; and cried Joris, " Stay spur !
" Your Ross galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
" We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw her stretched neck and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

VII.

So left were we galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky ;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff ;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And " Gallop," gasped Joris, " for Aix is in sight ! "

VIII.

" How they'll greet us !"—and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone ;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

IX.

Then I cast loose my buffcoat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,

Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer ;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any 'noise, bad or
good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

X.

And all I remember is, friends flocking round
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground,
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from
Ghent.

Browning.

LAHIRI'S SELECT POEMS

SECOND PART

XVI

ABOU BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL.

ABOU Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold :—
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
“ What writest thou ?”—The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, “ The names of those who love the Lord.”
“ And is mine one ?” said Abou. “ Nay, not so,”
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still ; and said, “ I pray thee then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow men.”

The angel wrote, and vanish'd. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And show'd the names whom love of God had blessed,
And lo ! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

Leigh Hunt.

XVII

ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

THOU art, O God ! the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see ;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from Thee :
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening shades of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven ;
Those hues, that mark the sun's decline,
So soft, so radiant, Lord ! are Thine.

When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes ;
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord ! are Thine.

When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh ;
And every flower the summer wreathes,
Is born beneath that kindling eye :
Where'er we turn Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

Moore.

XVIII

THE HAPPY LIFE.

How happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not another's will ;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill !

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Not tied unto the world with care
Of public fame or private breath ;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Or vice ; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise ;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good :

Who hath his life from rumours freed ;
Whose conscience is his strong retreat ;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make accusers great ;

Who God doth late and early pray,
More of his grace than gifts to lend ;
And entertains the harmless day
With a well-chosen book or friend ;

—This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall ;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

Wotton.

XIX

THE QUIET LIFE.

HAPPY the man, whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flock supply him with attire ;
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years, slide soft away
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night ; study and ease
Together mix'd ; sweet recreation,
And innocence, which most does please
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown ;
Thus unlamented let me die ;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

Pope.

XX

TO BLOSSOMS.

FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast ?
Your date is not so past,
But you may stay yet here awhile,
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What ! were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good-night ?
'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth
Merely to show your worth,
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave :
And after they have shown their pride
Like you, awhile they glide
Into the grave.

Herrick.

XXI

THE DAFFODILS.

I WANDER'D lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,

When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretch'd in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay :
Ten thousand saw I at a glance
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee :—
A Poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company !
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought ;

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude ;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

Wordsworth.

XXII

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

NOT a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corpse to the rampart we hurried ;

Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning ;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him ;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow !

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring ;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

Wolfe.

XXIII

PATRIOTISM.

BREATHES there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
“ This is my own, my native land !”
Whose heart hath ne’er within him burn’d,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand ?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well ;
For him no Minstrel raptures swell ;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim ;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonoured and unsung.

O Caledonia ! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child !
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,

Land of my sires ! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand !
Still, as I view each well-known scene,
Think what is now, and what hath been,
Seems as, to me, of all bereft,
Sole friends thy woods and streams were left ;
And thus I love them better still,
Even in extremity of ill.
By Yarrow's streams still let me stray,
Though none should guide my feeble way ;
Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
Although it chill my wither'd cheek ;
Still lay my head by Teviot Stone,
Though there, forgotten and alone,
The Bard may draw his parting groan.

Scott.

XXIV

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

YE Mariners of England
That guard our native seas !
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze !
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe !
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow ;
While the battle rages loud and long
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave—
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave :
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow ;
While the battle rages loud and long
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep ;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below ;—
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow ;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn ;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors !
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow ;

When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

Campbell.

XXV

AFTER BLENHEIM.

It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun ;
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round
Which he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found :
He came to ask what he had found
That was so large and smooth and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy
Who stood expectant by ;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh
' 'Tis some poor fellow's skull,' said he,
' Who fell in the great victory.

'I find them in the garden,
For there's many here about ;
And often when I go to plough
The ploughshare turns them out.
For many thousand men,' said he,
'Were slain in that great victory.'

'Now tell us what 'twas all about,'
Young Peterkin he cries ;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes ;
'Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for ?'

'It was the English,' Kaspar cried,
'Who put the French to rout ;
But what they fought each other for
I could not well make out.
But everybody said,' quoth he,
'That 'twas a famous victory.'

'My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by ;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly :
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

'With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then,
And new-born baby died :

But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

‘ They say it was a shocking sight,
After the field was won,
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun :
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

‘ Great praise the Duke of Marlbro’ won,
And our good Prince Eugene ;’
‘ Why, ’twas a very wicked thing !’
Said little Wilhelmine ;
‘ Nay—nay—my little girl,’ quoth he,
‘ It was a famous victory.’

‘ And everybody praised the Duke
Who such a fight did win.’
‘ But what good came of it at last ?’
Quoth little Peterkin :—
‘ Why that I cannot tell,’ said he,
‘ But ’twas a famous victory.’

Southey.

XXVI

THE FAIRIES’ GROTTTO.

HERE, in cool grot and mossy cell,
We rural foys and fairies dwell ;

Though rarely seen by mortal eye,
When the pale moon, ascending high,
Darts through yon limes her quivering beams,
We frisk it near these crystal streams.

Her beams, reflected from the wave,
Afford the light our revels crave ;
This turf, with daisies broider'd o'er,
Exceeds, we wot, the Parian floor :
Nor yet for artful strains we call,
But listen to the water's fall.

Would you then taste our tranquil scene,
Be sure your bosoms be serene ;
Devoid of hate, devoid of strife,
Devoid of all that poisons life ;
And much it 'vails you in their place
To graft the love of human race.

And tread with awe these favoured bowers,
Nor wound the shrubs, nor bruise the flowers ;
So may your path with sweets abound,
So may your couch with rest be crowned !
But harm betide the wayward swain
Who dares our hallowed haunts profane !

Shenstone.

XXVII

THE POET'S SONG.

THE rain had fallen, the Poet arose,
He pass'd by the town and out of the street,

A light wind blew from the gates of the sun,
And waves of shadow went over the wheat,
And he sat him down in a lonely place,
And chanted a melody loud and sweet,
That made the wild-swan pause in her cloud,
And the lark drop down at his feet.

The swallow stopt as he hunted the fly,
The snake slipt under a spray,
The wild hawk stood with the down on his beak,
And stared, with his foot on the prey,
And the nightingale thought, 'I have sung many songs
But never a one so gay,
For he sings of what the world will be
When the years have died away.'

Tennyson.

XXVIII

THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN.

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A train-band Captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
" Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton,
All in a chaise and pair.

My sister and my sister's child,
Myself and children three
Will fill the chaise, so you must ride
On horse back after we."

He soon replied, "I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.

I am a linen-draper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend, the Calender,
Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, "That's well said;
And for that wine is dear,
We will be furnish'd with our own,
Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kiss'd his loving wife,
O'erjoy'd was he to find
That though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allow'd
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stay'd,
Where they did all get in,
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheel,
Were never folk so glad,
The stones did rattle underneath
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got in haste to ride,
But soon came down again.

For saddle-tree scarce reach'd had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came, for loss of time
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,

When Betty screaming came down stairs,
"The wine is left behind."

"Good lack!" quoth he "yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise."

Now Mistress Gilpin, careful soul!
Had two stone-bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brush'd and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which gall'd him in his seat.

So, 'Fair and softly,' John he cried,
But John he cried in vain ;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasp'd the mane with both his hands
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought,
Away went hat and wig ;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay,
Till loop and button failing both,
As last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung,
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children scream'd,
Up flew the windows all,

And ev'ry soul cried out, " Well done ! "
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he ?
His fame soon spread around ;
" He carries weight, he rides a race !
'Tis for a thousand pound ! "

And still as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view,
How in a trice the turnpike-men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shatter'd at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced ;
For all might see the bottle-necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington,
These gambols he did play,
Until he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay.

And there he threw the Wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton, his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wond'ring much
To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin!—Here's the house!"
They 'all at once did cry ;
"The dinner waits, and we are tired :"
Said Gilpin—"So am I !"

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there,
For why? his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew
Shot by an archer strong,
So did he fly—which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend's the Calender's
His horse at last stood still.

Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him :—

“ What news ? what news ? your tidings tell,
Tell me you must and shall —
Say why bareheaded you are come,
Or why you come at all ? ”

Now Gilpin has a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke ;
And thus unto the calender
In merry guise he spoke :—

‘ I came because your horse would come ;
And, if I well forebode,
My hat and wig will soon be here,
They are upon the road. ”

The Calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Return’d him not a single word,
But to the house went in.

Whence straight he came with hat and wig,
A wig that flow’d behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up and in his turn
Thus show’d his ready wit,
“ My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face ;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case."

Said John " It is my wedding-day
And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmorton,
And I should dine at Ware."

So, turning to his horse, he said,
" I am in haste to dine ;
'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine."

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast,
For which he paid full dear ;
For, while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear.

Whereat his horse did snort as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And gallop'd off with all his might
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig ;
He lost them sooner than at first,
For why ?—they were too big.

Now mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down

Into the country far away,
She pull'd out half a crown ;

And thus unto the youth she said,
That drove them to the Bell,
" This shall be yours, when you bring back
My husband safe and well."

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain,
Whom in a trice he tried to stop
By catching at his rein ;

But not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frightened steed he frighted more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went post-boy at his heels,
The post-boy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With post-boy scampering in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry :—

" Stop thief ! stop thief !—a highwayman !
Not one of them was mute,
And all and each that pass'd that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space ;
The toll-men thinking, as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town,
Nor stopp'd till where he had got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, Long live the king,
And Gilpin, long live he,
And when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see !

————

Cowper.

XXIX

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A CHIEFTAIN to the Highlands bound
Cries ' Boatman, do not tarry !
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry !'

'Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle
This dark and stormy water ?
'O I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this, Lord Ullin's daughter.

'And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

‘ His horsemen hard behind us ride—
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride,
When they have slain her lover ?’

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
‘ I’ll go, my chief, I’m ready :
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady :—

‘ And by my word ! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry ;
So, though the waves are raging white,
I’ll row you o’er the ferry.’

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking ;
And in the scowl of Heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

‘ O haste thee, haste !’ the lady cries,
‘ Though tempests round us gather ;
I’ll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father.’

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,—

When, O ! too strong for human hand
The tempest gather'd o'er her.

And still they row'd amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing :
Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore,
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For, sore dismay'd, through storm and shade
His child he did discover :—
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

' Come back ! come back ! ' he cried in grief,
' Across this stormy water ;
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter !—O my daughter !'

'Twas vain : the loud waves lash'd the shore,
Return or aid preventing :
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

Campbell.

XXX

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

OUR bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud had lowered
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky ;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet Vision I saw ;
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array
Far, far, I had roamed on a desolate track :
'Twas Autumn,—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young ;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to part ;
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart.

'Stay—stay with us!—rest!—thou art weary and worn !'—
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay ;—
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

Campbell.

XXXI

THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.

ORT in the stilly night
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,

Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me :
The smiles, the tears
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken ;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimm'd and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken !
Thus in the stilly night
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends so link'd together
I've seen around me fall
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed !
Thus in the stilly night
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

Moore.

XXXII

LUCY GRAY.

OFT I had heard of Lucy Gray :
And when I cross'd the wild,
I chanced to see at break of day
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew ;
She dwelt on a wide moor,
The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door !

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green ;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

“ To-night will be a stormy night—
You to the town must go ;
And take a lantern, child, to light
Your mother through the snow.”

“ That, father ! will I gladly do :
'Tis scarcely afternoon—
The minster-clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon !”

At this the father raised his hook,
And snapp'd a faggot band ;
He plied his work ;—and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe :
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time :
She wander'd up and down ;
And many a hill did Lucy climb :
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide ;
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide.

At daybreak on a hill they stood
That overlooked the moor ;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood
A furlong from their door.

They wept—and, turning homeward, cried
“ In heaven we all shall meet ! ”
—When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy's feet.

Then downward from the steep hill's edge
They track'd the foot-marks small ;
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
And by the long stone-wall :

And then an open field they crossed :
The marks were still the same ;
They track'd them on, nor ever lost ;

They follow'd from the snowy bank
Those foot-marks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank ;
And further there were none !

—Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child ;
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind ;
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

Wordsworth.

XXXIII

FAREWELL TO ENGLAND.

“ADIEU, adieu ! my native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue ;
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.
Yon Sun that sets upon the sea
We follow in his flight ;
Farewell awhile to him, and thee,
My native land—Good night !

“A few short hours and he will rise
To give the morrow birth ;

And I shall hail the main and skies,
But not my mother earth.
Deserted is my own good hall,
Its hearth is desolate ;
Wild weeds are gathering on the wall ;
My dog howls at the gate.

“Come hither, hither, my little page,
Why dost thou weep and wail ?
Or dost thou dread the billow’s rage,
Or tremble at the gale ?
But dash the tear-drop from thine eye ;
Our ship is swift and strong :
Our fleetest falcon scarce can fly
More merrily along.”

“My father blessed me fervently,
Yet did not much complain ;
But sorely will my mother sigh
Till I come back again.”—

“Enough, enough, my little lad ;
Such tears become thine eye ;
If I thy guileless bosom had,
Mine own would not be dry.

“Come hither, hither, my staunch yeoman,
Why dost thou look so pale ?
Or dost thou dread a French foeman ?
Or shiver at the gale ?”
“Deem’st thou I tremble for my life ?
Sir Childe, I’m not so weak ;

But thinking on an absent wife
Will blanch a faithful cheek.

“My spouse and boys dwell near thy hall,
Along the bordering lake,
And when they on their father call,
What answer shall she make?”—
“Enough, enough my yeoman good,
Thy grief let none gainsay ;
But I, who am of lighter mood,
Will laugh to flee away.”

“And now I’m in the world alone,
Upon the wide, wide sea :
But why should I for others groan
When none will sigh for me ?
Perchance my dog will whine in vain,
Till fed by stranger hands ;
But long ere I come back again,
He’d tear me where he stands.

“With thee, my bark, I’ll swiftly go
Athwart the foaming brine ;
Nor care what land thou bear’st me to,
So not again to mine.
Welcome, welcome, ye dark-blue waves !
And when you fail my sight,
Welcome, ye deserts, and ye caves !
My native land—Good night !”

Byron.

XXXIV

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

UNDER a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands ;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands ;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan ;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow ;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door ;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys ;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise !
He needs must think of her once more
How in the grave she lies ;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes ;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close ;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught !
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought ;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought !

Longfellow.

XXXV

MY KATE.

I.

SHE was not as pretty as women I know,
And yet all your best made of sunshine and snow
Drop to shade, melt to nought in the long-trodden ways,
While she's still remembered on warm and cold days—
My Kate.

II.

Her air had a meaning, her movements a grace ;
You turned from the fairest to gaze on her face :
And when you had once seen her forehead and mouth,
You saw as distinctly her soul and her truth—
My Kate.

III.

Such a blue inner light from her eyelids outbroke,
You looked at her silence and fancied she spoke :
When she did, so peculiar yet soft was the tone,
Though the loudest spoke also, you heard her alone—
My Kate.

IV.

I doubt if she said to you much that could act
As a thought or suggestion : she did not attract
In the sense of the brilliant or wise : I infer
'Twas her thinking of others, made you think of her—
My Kate.

V.

She never found fault with you, never implied
Your wrong by her right; and yet men at her side
Grew nobler, girls purer, as through the whole town
The children were gladder that pulled at her gown—
My Kate.

VI.

None knelt at her feet confessed lovers in thrall;
They knelt more to God than they used,—that was all:
If you praised her as charming, some asked what you
meant,
But the charm of her presence was felt when she went—
My Kate.

VII.

The weak and the gentle, the ribald and rude,
She took as she found them, and did them all good;
It always was so with her—see what you have!
She has made the grass greener even here...with her
grave—
My Kate.

VIII.

My dear one!—when thou wast alive with the rest,
I held thee the sweetest and loved thee the best:
And now thou art dead, shall I not take thy part
As thy smiles used to do for thyself, my sweet Heart—
My Kate?
Elizabeth Browning.

LAHIRI'S SELECT POEMS

THIRD PART

xxxvi

A MORNING HYMN.

Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Wake and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the Eternal King.

All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me whilst I slept !
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake.
I may of endless light partake.

Heaven is, dear Lord, where'er Thou art ;
O never then from me depart !
For, to my soul, 'tis hell to be
But for one moment void of Thee.

Lord, I my vows to Thee renew ;
Disperse my sins as morning dew ;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say ;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

Ken.

XXXVII

THE GIFTS OF GOD.

When God at first made Man,
Having a glass of blessings standing by ;
Let us (said He) pour on him all we can :
Let the world's riches, which disperséd lie,
Contract into a span.

So strength first made a way ;
Then beauty flow'd, then wisdom, honour, pleasure :
When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that alone, of all His treasure,
Rest in the bottom lay.

For if I should (said He)
Bestow this jewel also on My creature,
He would adore My gifts instead of Me,
And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature,
So both should losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restlessness :
Let him be rich and weary that at least,
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to My breast

—
XXXVIII

THE SANDS OF DEE.

“ O Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands o’ Dee ;”
The western wind was wild and dank wi’ foam,
And all alone went she.

The creeping tide came up along the sand,
And o’er and o’er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see ;
The blinding mist came down and hid the land—
And never home came she.

III.

“ Oh, is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—
A tress o’ golden hair,

O' drowned maiden's hair,
Above the nets at sea ?
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair,
Among the stakes on Dee."

IV.

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel crawling foam,
The cruel hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea :
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home
Across the sands o' Dee.

Kingsley.

XXXIX

FROM THE "ANCIENT MARINER."

In this poem, one of the most musical and imaginative in our language, an aged sailor is supposed to stop one of three guests who are about to join a wedding feast. He fascinates his hearer by his "glittering eye," and tells his weird story, he and his shipmates had safely crossed the equator, and been driven to the frozen seas of the south pole, where they were imprisoned by the ice, till an albatross came, and was petted by the crew. The ice broke up, and a south wind bore them away through fog and mist. In mere wantonness the Mariner shot this albatross, greatly to the horror of his shipmates. But when the fog cleared up, and no harm befell them, they changed their minds, and said it was right to slay birds "that brought the fog and the mist." Thus they became his accomplices, and shared his punishment. All went well till they reached the equator in the Pacific Ocean, when they

were suddenly becalmed. Their water being used up, they were tormented with thirst ; and to revenge their wrongs, they tied the dead albatross round its murderer's neck. So they remained, slowly dying of thirst ; till one day, at sunset, a phantom ship came from the horizon, and drew up alongside. On board were two figures ; Death, and a horrible leprous-white woman, Life-in-death, whose very flesh made the air cold. They were throwing dice for the Mariner ; the latter won him ; then the phantom ship and its crew suddenly vanished. That night, one by one, each of his shipmates dropped down dead, looking at the Mariner with a silent curse in his eye. The Mariner remained alive, on deck, spell-bound, for seven days and nights ; the ship rolling, the very sea rolling, and breeding slimy creatures, which he despised in his heart. Yet these "creatures of the calm" became the means of his salvation ; as the Poem tells us, towards the end of its fourth section :

IV.

* * * * *

The moving Moon went up the sky,
And no where did abide ;
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside.

Her beams bemoock'd the sultry main,
Like morning frosts yspread ;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmed water burnt alway
A still and awful red.

Beyond the shadow of the ship
I watch'd the water-snakes :

They mov'd in tracks of shining white ;
And when they rear'd the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship
I watch'd their rich attire :
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coil'd and swam ; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

O happy living things ! no tongue
Their beauty might declare :
A spring of love gush'd from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware !
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I bless'd them unaware.

The self-same moment I could pray ;
And from my neck so free,
The albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.

v.

“ O sleep, it is a gentle thing,
Belov'd from pole to pole !
To Mary queen the praise be yeven ;
She sent the gentle sleep from heaven
That slid into my soul.

The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remain'd ;
I dreamt that they were fill'd with dew,
And when I awoke it rain'd.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank ;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams
And still my body drank.

I mov'd, and could not feel my limbs.
I was so light, almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed Ghost.

The roaring wind ! it roar'd far off,
It did not come anear ;
But with its sound it shook the sails
That were so thin and sere.

The upper air bursts into life,
And a hundred fire-flags sheen
To and fro, they are hurried about ;
And to and fro, and in and out,
The stars dance on between.

The coming wind doth roar more loud,
The sails do sigh, like sedge ;
The rain pours down from one black cloud,
And the Moon is at its edge.

Hark ! hark ! the thick black cloud is cleft,
And the Moon is at its side ;
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning falls with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.

The strong wind reach'd the ship : it roar'd
And dropp'd down, like a stone !
Beneath the lightning and the moon
The dead men gave a groan.

They groan'd, they stirr'd, they all uprose,
Ne spake, ne mov'd their eyes :
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steer'd, the ship mov'd on ;
Yet never a breeze up-blew ;
The Mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do ;
They rais'd their limbs like lifeless tools—
We were a ghastly crew.

The body of my brother's son
Stood by me knee to knee :
The body and I pull'd at one rope,
But he said nought to me—
And I quak'd to think of my own voice
How frightful it would be !

The daylight dawn'd—they dropp'd their arms,
And cluster'd round the mast ;

Sweet sounds rose slowly thro' their mouths
And from their bodies pass'd.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the sun :
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a dropping from the sky,
I heard the Lavrock sing ;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seem'd to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning.

And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute ;
And now it is an angel's song
That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceas'd : yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

Listen, O listen, thou Wedding-guest !
" Marinere ! thou hast thy will :
For that, which comes out of thine eye, doth make
My body and soul to be still. "

“ Never sadder tale was told
To a man of woman born ;
Sadder and wiser, thou wedding-guest !
Thou’lt rise to-morrow morn.

Never sadder tale was heard
By a man of woman born ;
The Mariners all return’d to work
As silent as before.

The Mariners all ’gan pull the ropes,
But look at me they n’ old ;
Though I, I am as thin as air—
They cannot me behold.

Till noon we silently sail’d on
Yet never a breeze did breathe :
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Mov’d onward from beneath.

Under the keel, nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow
The spirit slid : and it was He
That made the Ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the Ship stood still also.

But immediately afterwards the ship began to kick like a horse,
and flung the Mariner down on deck, where he lay senseless, while
an angelic power made the ship move homewards faster than wak-
ing life could have endured. When near home the ship slackened,
and the Mariner awoke—

VI.

* * * * *

But soon there breath'd a wind on me,
Ne sound ne motion made :
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

It rais'd my hair, it fann'd my cheek,
Like a meadow-gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sail'd softly too :
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
On me alone it blew.

O dream of joy ! is this indeed
The light-house top I see ?
Is this the Hill ? Is this the Kirk ?
Is this mine own countree ?

We drifted o'er the Harbour-bar,
And I with sobs did pray—
' O let me be awake, my God !
Or let me sleep alway ! '

The harbour bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn !
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the moon.

The moonlight bay was white all o'er,
Till rising from the same,
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
Like as of torches came.

A little distance from the prow,
Those dark red shadows were ;
But soon I saw that my own flesh
Was red as in a glare.

I turn'd my head in fear and dread,
And by the holy rood,
The bodies had advanc'd, and now
Before the mast they stood.

They lifted up their stiff right arms,
They held them strait and tight ;
And each right arm burnt like a torch,
A torch that's borne upright.
Their stony eye-balls glitter'd on
In the red and smoky light.

I pray'd and turn'd my head away,
Forth looking as before ;
There was no breeze upon the bay,
No wave against the shore.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock ;
The moonlight steep'd in silentness
The steady weathercock.

And the bay was white with silent light,
Till rising from the same
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
In crimson colours came.

A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were :
I turn'd my eyes upon the deck—
O Christ ! what saw I there ?

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat ;
And by the Holy rood,
A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood.

This seraph-band, each wav'd his hand,
It was a heavenly sight :
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light :

This seraph-band, each wav'd his hand,
No voice did they impart—
No voice ; but O ! the silence sank,
Like music on my heart.

He now hears a boat coming, with the pilot, his boy, and a Hermit, on board. While they are talking about the ship, and its strange deserted look, a terrific sound rumbles from under the sea towards them ; the ship sinks in a whirlpool ; the mariner is saved, and as soon as he reaches the shore he entreats the Hermit to absolve him. The Hermit asks who he is and what he has done :—

VII.

* * * * *

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrench'd
With a woeful agony,
Which forc'd me to begin my tale
And then it left me free.

Since then at an uncertain hour,
Now oftimes and now fewer,
That anguish comes and makes me tell
My ghastly aventure.

I pass, like night, from land to land
I have strange power of speech ;
The moment that his face I see
I know the man that must hear me ;
To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar bursts from that door !
The Wedding-guests are there ;
But in the Garden-bower the Bride
And Bride-maids singing are ;
And hark the little Vesper bell
Which biddeth me to prayer.

O Wedding-guest ! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide wide sea :
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be.

O sweeter than the Marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me
To walk together to the Kirk
With a goodly company.

To walk together to the Kirk
And all together pray,
While each to his great father bends
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And Youths, and Maidens gay.

Farewell, farewell ! but this I tell
To thee thou wedding-guest !
He prayeth well who loveth well,
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best who loveth best,
All things both great and small :
For the dear God, who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

The Marinere, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone ; and now the wedding-guest
Turn'd from the Bridegroom's door.

• He went, like one that hath been stunn'd
And is of sense forlorn :
A sadder and a wiser man
He rose the morrow morn.

Coleridge.

XL

A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.

I.

WHAT was he doing, the great god Pan,
Down in the reeds by the river?
Spreading ruin and scattering ban,
Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat,
And breaking the golden lilies afloat
With the dragon-fly on the river.

II.

He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,
From the deep cool bed of the river :
The limpid water turbidly ran,
And the broken lilies a-dying lay,
And the dragon-fly had fled away,
Ere he brought it out of the river.

III.

High on the shore sat the great god Pan,
While turbidly flowed the river ;
And hacked and hewed as a great god can,
With his hard bleak steel at the patient reed
Till there was not a sign of the leaf indeed
To prove it fresh from the river.

IV.

He cut it short, did the great god Pan,
(How tall it stood in the river !)

Then drew the pith, like the heart of a man,
Steadily from the outside ring,
And notched the poor dry empty thing
In holes, as he sat by the river.

V.

‘ This is the way,’ laughed the great god Pan,
(Laughed while he sat by the river,)
‘ The only way, since gods began
To make sweet music, they could succeed.’
Then, dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,
He blew in power by the river.

VI.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan !
Piercing sweet by the river !
Blinding sweet, O great god Pan !
The sun on the hill forgot to die,
And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly
Came back to dream on the river.

VII.

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan,
To laugh as he sits by the river,
Making a poet out of a man :
The true gods sigh for the cost and pain,—
For the reed which grows nevermore again
As a reed with the reeds in the river.

Elizabeth Browning.

XLI

THE POOR FISHERMAN.

Thus by himself compelled to live each day,
To wait for certain hours the tide's delay ;
At the same time, the same dull view to see,
The bounding marsh-bank and the blighted tree ;
The water only, when the tides were high,
When low, the mud half-covered and half-dry ;
The sun-burnt tar that blisters on the planks,
And bank-side stakes in their uneven ranks ;
Heaps of entangled weeds that slowly float,
As the tide rolls by the impeded-boat ;
When tides were neap, and in the sultry day
Through the tall bounding mud-banks made their way,
Which on each side rose swelling, and below
The dark warm flood ran silently and slow ;
There anchoring, Peter chose from man to hide,
There hang his head, and view the lazy tide
In its hot slimy channel slowly glide.

Crabbe.

XLII.ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S
PICTURE.

OH THAT those lips had language ! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me ;

Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
"Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!"
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalise,
The art that baffles time's tyrannic claim
To quench it!) here shines on me still the same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected here!
Who bidst me honour with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long,
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own;
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream, that thou art she.

My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead.
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah, that maternal smile!—It answers—Yes.
I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such?—It was.—Where thou art gone
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.

May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more !
Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
What ardently I wish'd, I long believed,
And disappointed still, was still deceived ;
By expectation every day beguiled,
Dupe of to-morrow even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learnt at last submission to my lot,
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor ;
And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapt
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet capped,
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we call'd the pastoral house our own.
Short-lived possession ! But the record fair,
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm, that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made
That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid ;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit, or confectionary plum ;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
By thine own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed :

All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks,
That humour interposed too often makes ;
All this still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honours to thee as my numbers may ;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed here.

Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I pricked them into paper with a pin,
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head, and smile,)
Could those few pleasant days again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here ?
I would not trust my heart ;—the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.
But no—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
(The storms all weathered and the ocean crossed)
Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,
There sits quiescent on the floods, that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,

While airs impregnated with incense play.
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay ;
So thou, with sails how swift ! hast reached the shore
"Where tempests never beat nor billows roar ;"
And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
Of life long since has anchored by thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distressed,—
Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-tossed,
Sails ripped, seams opening wide, and compass lost,
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
Yet oh the thought, that thou art safe, and he !
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned and rulers of the earth ;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise,—
The son of parents passed into the skies.
And now, farewell !—Time unrevoked has run
His wonted course, yet what I wished is done.
By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again ;
To have renewed the joys that once were mine
Without the sin of violating thine ;
And, while the wings of fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft,—
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

Cowper.

XLIII

THE HAPPY HEART.

ART thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?

O sweet content !

Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplex'd ?

O punishment !

Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vex'd

To add to golden numbers, golden numbers ?

O sweet content ! O sweet, O sweet content !

Work apace, apace, apace, apace ;

Honest labour bears a lovely face ;

Then hey nonny nonny, hey nonny nonny !

Canst drink the waters of the crisped spring ?

O sweet content !

Swimm'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own
tears ?

O punishment !

Then he that patiently want's burden bears

No burden bears, but is a king, a king !

O sweet content ! O sweet, O sweet content !

Work apace, apace, apace, apace ;

Honest labour bears a lovely face ;

Then hey nonny nonny, hey nonny nonny !

Dekker.

XLIV

ODE TO EVENING.

HAIL meek-eyed maiden, clad in sober grey,
Whose soft approach the weary woodman loves ;
As homeward bent to kiss his prattling babes,
Jocund he whistles through the twilight groves.

When Phœbus sinks behind the gilded hills,
You lightly o'er the misty meadows walk ;
The drooping daisies bathe in honey dews,
And nurse the nodding violet's tender stalk.

The panting Dryads, that in day's fierce heat
To inmost bowers and cooling caverns ran,
Return to trip in wanton evening dance,
Old Silvan too returns, and laughing Pan.

To the deep wood the clamorous rooks repair,
Light skims the swallow o'er the watery scene ;
And from the sheep-cote and fresh-furrowed field
Stout ploughmen meet, to wrestle on the green.

The swain, that artless sings on yonder rock
His supping sheep and lengthening shadow spies ;
Pleased with the cool, the calm, refreshful hour,
And with hoarse humming of unnumbered flies.

Now every passion sleeps : desponding Love,
And pining Envy, ever-restless Pride ;
A holy calm creeps o'er my peaceful soul,
Anger and mad Ambition's storms subside.

O modest Evening ! oft let me appear
A wandering votary in thy pensive train ;
Listening to every wildly warbling throat
That fills with farewell sweet thy darkening plain.

Warton.

XLV

THE OCEAN.

ROLL on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll !
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore ;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths, with bubbling groan,
Without a grave unknelled, uncoffin'd and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee ; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray
And howling, to his gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth :—there let him lay.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they ?

Thy waters washed them power while they were free
And many a tyrant since ; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage ; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts :—not so thou,
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play,
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving—boundless, endless, and sublime,
The image of Eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible ; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made ; each zone
Obeys thee ; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean ! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward ; from a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight ; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane, as I do here.

Byron.

XLVI

SONNETS TO AMERICA.

MEN say, Columbia, we shall hear thy guns.
But in what tongue shall be thy battle-cry?
Not that our sires did love in years gone by,
When all the Pilgrim Fathers were little sons
In merrie houses of Englaunde? Back, and see
Thy satchelled ancestor! Behold, he runs
To mine, and clasped, they tread the equal lea
To the same village-school, where side by side
They spell "One Father." Hard by, the twin pride
Of that grey hall whose ancient oriel gleams
Thro' yon baronial pines, with looks of light
Our sister-mothers sit beneath one tree.
Meanwhile our Shakspeare wanders past and dreams
His Helena and Hermia, shall we fight?

Nor force nor fraud shall sunder us? Oh ye
Who north or south, on east or western land,
Native to noble sounds, say truth for truth,
Freedom for freedom, love for love, and God
For God; oh ye who in eternal youth
Speak with a living and creative flood
This universal English, and do stand
Its breathing book; live worthy of that grand
Heroic utterance—parted, yet a whole,
For, yet unsevered,—children brave and free
Of the great Mother tongue, and ye shall be
Lords of an Empire wide as Shakspeare's soul,

Sublime as Milton's immemorial theme,
And rich as Chaucer's speech, and fair as Spencer's
dream.

Dobell.

XLVII

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

A CHILD'S STORY.

I.

HAMELIN TOWN'S in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city ;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its wall on the southern side ;
A pleasanter spot you never spied ;
But, when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin, 'twas a pity.

II.

Rats !
They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And eat the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cooks' own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats,

By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

III.

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking ;
'Tis clear, cried they, our Mayor's a noddie ;
And as for our Corporation—shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can't or won't determine
What's like to rid us of our vermin !
Rouse up, Sirs ! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing !
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

IV.

An hour they sate in council,
At length the Mayor broke silence :
For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell ;
I wish I were a mile hence !
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain—
I'm sure my poor head aches again
I've scratched it so, and all in vain.
Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap !
Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber door but a gentle tap ?
Bless us, cried the Mayor, what's that ?

(With the Corporation as he sate,
Looking little though wondrous fat)
Only a scraping of shoes on the mat ?
Any thing like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat !

V.

Come in !—the Mayor cried, looking bigger :
And in did come the strangest figure !
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red ;
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in—
There was no guessing his kith and kin !
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire :
Quoth one : It's as my great-grandsire,
Starting up at the Trump of Doom's tone,
Had walked this way from his painted tomb-stone !

VI.

He advanced to the council-table :
And, Please your honours, said he, I'm able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun
That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,
After me so as you never saw !

And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm,
The mole, and toad, and newt, and viper ;
And people call me the Pied Piper.
(And here they noticed round his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of the self same cheque ;
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe ;
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying
As if impatient to be playing
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)
Yet, said he, poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham,
Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats ;
I eased in Asia the Nizam
Of a monstrous brood of vampyre-bats :
And, as for what your brain bewilders,
If I can rid your town of rats
Will you give me a thousand guilders ?
One ? fifty thousand !—was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

VII

Into the street the Piper stept,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while ;
Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,

And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled
Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled ;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered ;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling ;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling ;
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, grey rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
Followed the Piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped advancing,
And step for step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the river Weser
Wherein all plunged and perished
—Save one who, stout as Julius Cæsar,
Swam across and lived to carry
(As he the manuscript he cherished)
To Rat-land home his commentary,
Which was, At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
Into a cider-press's gripe :
And a moving away of pickle-tub-boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve-cupboards,
And a drawing the corks of train-oil-flasks
And a breaking the hoops of butter-casks !

And it seemed as if a voice
(Sweeter than by harp or by psaltery
Is breathed) called out, Oh rats, rejoice !
The world is grown one vast drysaltery !
So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,
Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon !
And just as one bulky sugar puncheon,
Ready staved, like a great sun shone
Glorious scarce an inch before me,
Just as methought it said, Come, bore me !
—I found the Weser rolling o'er me.

VIII.

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple ;
Go, cried the Mayor, and get long poles !
Poke out the nests and block up the holes !
Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats !—when suddenly up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market-place,
With a, First, if you please, my thousand guilders !

IX.

A thousand guilders ! The Mayor looked blue ;
So did the Corporation too.
For council dinners made rare havock
With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock ;
And half the money would replenish
Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish ;

To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gipsy coat of red and yellow !
Beside, quoth the Mayor with a knowing wink,
Our business was done at the river's brink ;
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what's dead can't come to life, I think.
So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something for drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke ;
But, as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
Besides, our losses have made us thrifty ;
A thousand guilders ! Come, take fifty !

X.

The Piper's face fell, and he cried,
No trifling ! I can't wait, beside !
I've promised to visit by dinner time
Bagdat, and accept the prime
Of the Head Cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor—
With him I proved no bargain-driver,
With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver !
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe after another fashion.

XI.

How ? cried the Mayor, d'ye think I'll brook
Being worse treated than a Cook ?

Insulted by a lazy ribald
With idle pipe and vesture piebald ?
You threaten us, fellow ? Do your worst,
Blow your pipe there till you burst !

XII.

Once more he stept into the street ;
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane ;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
Never gave th' enraptured air)
There was a rustling, that seem'd like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling,
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping, and little tongues chattering,
And, like fowls in a farm-yard when barley is
scattering,
Out came the children running.
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

XIII.

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by—

Could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters !
However he turned from South to West,
And to Coppelburg Hill his steps addressed:
And after him the children pressed ;
Great was the joy in every breast.
He never can cross that mighty top !
He's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop !
When, lo, as they reached the mountain's side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed ;
And the piper advanced and the children follow'd,
And when all were into the very last,
The door in the mountain side shut fast.
Did I say, all ? No ! One was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way ;
And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say,—
It's dull in our town since my playmates left !
I can't forget that I'm bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me ;
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,

Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew,
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And every thing was strange and new ;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
And honey-bees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagles' wings ;
And just as I felt assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped and I stood still,
And found myself outside the Hill,
Left alone against my will. .
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more.

XIV.

Alas, alas for Hamelin !

There came into many a burgher's pate
A text which says, that Heaven's Gate
Opes to the Rich at as easy a rate
As the needle's eye takes a camel in !
The Mayor sent East, West, North, and South
To offer the Piper by word of mouth,
Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd only return the way he went,
And bring the children behind him.
But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavour,
And Piper and dancers were gone for ever,
They made a decree that lawyers never

Should think their records dated duly
If, after the day of the month and year,
These words did not as well appear,
“And so long after what happened here
“On the Twenty-second of July,
“Thirteen hundred and Seventy-six : ”
And the better in memory to fix
The place of the Children’s last retreat,
They called it, the Pied Piper’s Street—
Where any one playing on pipe or tabor
Was sure for the future to lose his labour.
Nor suffered they Hostelry or Tavern
To shock with mirth a street so solemn ;
But opposite the place of the cavern
They wrote the story on a column,
And on the Great Church Window painted
The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away ;
And there it stands to this very day.
And I must not omit to say
That in Transylvania there’s a tribe
Of alien people that ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress
On which their neighbours lay such stress
To their fathers and mothers having risen
Out of some subterraneous prison
Into which they were trepanned
Long time ago in a mighty band
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
But how or why they don’t understand.

XV.

So, Willy, let you and me be wipers
Of scores out with all men—especially pipers :
And, whether they rid us from rats or from mice,
If we've promised them aught, let us keep our
promise.

Browning.

XLVIII

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

I.

THE western waves of ebbing day
Roll'd o'er the glen their level way ;
Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
Was bathed in floods of living fire.
But not a setting beam could glow
Within the dark ravines below,
Where twined the path in shadow hid,
Round many a rocky pyramid,
Shooting abruptly from the dell
Its thunder-splinter'd pinnacle ;
Round many an insulated mass,
The native bulwarks of the pass,
Huge as the tower which builders vain
Presumptuous piled on Shinar's plain.
The rocky summits, split and rent,
Form'd turret, dome, or battlement,

Or seem'd fantastically set
With cupola or minaret,
Wild crests as pagod ever deck'd,
Or mosque of Eastern architect.
Nor were these earth-born castles bare,
Nor lack'd they many a banner fair ;
For, from their shiver'd brows display'd,
Far o'er the unfathomable glade,
All twinkling with the dewdrops sheen,
The brier-rose fell in streamers green,
And creeping shrubs, of thousand dyes,
Waved in the west-wind's summer sighs.

II.

Boon nature scatter'd, free and wild,
Each plant or flower, the mountain's child,
Here eglantine embalm'd the air,
Hawthorn and hazel mingled there ;
The primrose pale and violet flower,
Found in each cliff a narrow bower ;
Fox-glove and night-shade, side by side,
Emblems of punishment and pride,
Group'd their dark hues with every stain
The weather-beaten crags retain.
With boughs that quaked at every breath,
Gray birch and aspen wept beneath ;
Aloft, the ash and warrior oak
Cast anchor in the rifted rock ;
And, higher yet, the pine-tree hung
His shatter'd trunk, and frequent flung,

Where seem'd the cliffs to meet on high,
His boughs athwart the narrow'd sky, ' ,
Highest of all, where white peaks glanced,
Where glist'ning streamers waved and danced,
The wanderer's eye could barely view
The summer heaven's delicious blue ;
So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream.

III.

Onward, amid the copse 'gan peep
A narrow inlet, still and deep,
Affording scarce such breadth of brim,
As served the wild duck's brood to swim
Lost for a space, through thickets veering
But broader when again appearing,
Tall rocks and tufted knolls their face
Could on the dark blue mirror trace ;
And farther as the hunter stray'd,
Still broader sweeps its channels made.
The shaggy mounds no longer stood,
Emerging from entangled wood,
But, wave encircled, seem'd to float,
Like castle girdled with its moat ;
Yet broader floods extending still
Divide them from their parent hill,
Till each, retiring, claims to be
An islet in an inland sea.

IV.

*And now, to issue from the glen,
No pathway meets the wanderer's ken,
Unless he climb, with footing nice,
A far projecting precipice.
The broom's tough roots his ladder made
The hazel saplings lent their aid ;
And thus an airy point he won,
Where, gleaming with the setting sun,
One burnish'd sheet of living gold,
Loch Katrine lay beneath him roll'd,
In all her length far winding lay,
With promontory, creek, and bay,
And islands that, empurpled bright,
Floated amid the livelier light,
And mountains, that like giants stand
To sentinel enchanted land.
High on the south, huge Benvenue
Down on the lake in masses threw
Crag, knoll, and mound, confusedly hurl'd,
The fragments of an earlier world ;
A wildering forest feather'd o'er
His ruin'd sides and summit hoar,
While on the north, through middle air,
Ben-an heaved high his forehead bare.

V.

From the steep promontory gazed
The stranger, raptured and amazed.

And, "What a scene were here," he cried,
"For princely pomp, or churchman's pride !
On this bold brow, a lordly tower ;
In that soft vale, a lady's bower ;
On yonder meadow, far away,
The turrets of a cloister gray ;
How blithely might the bugle-horn
Chide, on the lake, the lingering morn !
How sweet, at eve, the lover's lute
Chime, when the groves were still and mute !
And, when the midnight moon should lave
Her forehead in the silver wave,
How solemn on the ear would come
The holy matins' distant hum,
While the deep peal's commanding tone
Should wake, in yonder islet lone,
A sainted hermit from his cell,
To drop a bead with every knell—
And bugle, lute, and bell, and all,
Should each bewilder'd stranger call
To friendly feast, and lighted hall."

Scott.

XLIX

SIMON LEE THE OLD HUNTSMAN.

In the sweet shire of Cardigan,
Not far from pleasant Ivor Hall,
An old man dwells, a little man,—
'Tis said he once was tall.

Full five-and-thirty years he lived
A running huntsman merry ;
And still the centre of his cheek
Is red as a ripe cherry.

No man like him the horn could sound,
And hill and valley rang with glee
When Echo bandied, round and round,
The halloo of Simon Lee.
In those proud days, he little cared
For husbandry or tillage ;
To blither tasks did Simon rouse
The sleepers of the village.

He all the country could outrun,
Could leave both man and horse behind ;
And often, ere the chase was done,
He reeled, and was stone-blind.
And still there's something in the world
At which his heart rejoices ;
For when the chiming hounds are out,
He dearly loves their voices !

But, Oh the heavy change !—bereft
Of health, strength, friends, and kindred, see !
Old Simon to the world is left
In liveried poverty.
His master's dead, and no one now
Dwells in the Hall of Ivor ;
Men, dogs, and horses, all are dead ;
He is the sole survivor.

And he is lean and he is sick ;
His body, dwindled and awry,
Rests upon ankles swoln and thick ;
His legs are thin and dry.
One prop he has, and only one,
His wife, an aged woman,
Lives with him, near the waterfall,
Upon the village common.

Beside their moss-grown hut of clay,
Not twenty paces from the door,
A scrap of land they have, but they
Are poorest of the poor.
This scrap of land he from the heath
Enclosed when he was stronger ;
But what to them avails the land
Which he can till no longer ?

Oft, working by her husband's side,
Ruth does what Simon cannot do ;
For she, with scanty cause for pride,
Is stouter of the two.
And, though you with your utmost skill
From labour could not wean them,
'Tis little, very little, all
That they can do between them.

Few months of life has he in store
As he to you will tell,
For still, the more he works, the more
Do his weak ankles swell.

My gentle reader, I perceive
How patiently you've waited,
And now I fear that you expect
Some tale will be related.

O reader ! had you in your mind
Such stores as silent thought can bring,
O gentle reader ! you would find
A tale in everything.
What more I have to say is short,
And you must kindly take it :
It is no tale ; but, should you think,
Perhaps a tale you'll make it.

One summer-day I chanced to see
This old man doing all he could
To unearth the root of an old tree,
A stump of rotten wood.
The mattock tottered in his hand ;
So vain was his endeavour
That at the root of the old tree
He might have worked for ever.

" You're overtasked, good Simon Lee,
Give me your tool," to him I said ;
And at the word right gladly he
Received my proffered aid.
I struck, and with a single blow
The tangled root I sever'd,
At which the poor old man so long
And vainly had endeavour'd.

The tears into his eyes were brought,
And thanks and praises seemed to run ,
So fast out of his heart, I thought
They never would have done.
I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds
With coldness still returning,
Alas ! the gratitude of men
Has oftener left me mourning.

Wordsworth.

L

CONTENTMENT.

My mind to me a kingdom is ;
Such perfect joy therein I find,
As far exceeds all earthly bliss
That world affords, or grows by kind :
Though much I want what most men have,
Yet doth my mind forbid me crave.

Content I live—this is my stay ;
I seek no more than may suffice :
I press to bear no haughty sway ;
Look—what I lack, my mind supplies.
Lo ! thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.

I see how plenty surfeits oft,
And hasty climbers soonest fall ;

I see how those that sit aloft
Mishap doth threaten most of all ;
These get with toil, and keep with fear :
Such cares my mind could never bear.

I laugh not at another's loss ;
I grudge not at another's gain ;
No worldly wave my mind can toss ;
I brook that is another's pain.
I fear no foe : I scorn no friend :
I dread no death : I fear no end.

Some have too much, yet still they crave ;
I little have, yet seek no more :
They are but poor, though much they have,
And I am rich, with little store.
They poor, I rich : they beg, I give :
They lack, I lend : they pine, I live.

I wish but what I have at will :
I wander not to seek for more :
I like the plain ; I climb no hill :
In greatest storm I sit on shore,
And laugh at those that toil in vain,
To get what must be lost again.
—This is my choice ; for why ?—I find
No wealth is like a quiet mind.

Dyer.

LI

WALTER VON DER VOGELWEID.

[WALTER VON DER VOGELWEID, or BIRD-MEADOW, was one of the principal Minnesingers of the thirteenth century. He triumphed over Heinrich von Ofterdingen in that poetic contest at Wartburg Castle, known in literary history as the War of Wartburg.]

VOGELWEID the Minnesinger,
When he left this world of ours,
Laid his body in the cloister,
Under Wurtzburg's minster towers.

And he gave the monks his treasures,
Gave them all with this behest :
They should feed the birds at noontide
Daily on his place of rest ;

Saying, " From these wandering minstrels
I have learned the art of song ;
Let me now repay the lessons
They have taught so well and long."

Thus the bard of love departed ;
And, fulfilling his desire,
On his tomb the birds were feasted
By the children of the choir.

Day by day, o'er tower and turret,
In foul weather and in fair,
Day by day, in vaster numbers,
Flocked the poets of the air.

On the tree whose heavy branches
Overshadowed all the place,
On the pavement, on the tombstone,
On the poet's sculptured face,

On the cross-bars of each window,
On the lintel of each door,
They renewed the War of Wartburg,
Which the bard had fought before.

There they sang their merry carols,
Sang their lauds on every side ;
And the name their voices uttered
Was the name of Vogelweid.

Till at length the portly abbot
Murmured, "Why this waste of food ?
Be it changed to loaves henceforward
For our fasting brotherhood."

Then in vain o'er tower and turret,
From the walls and woodland nests,
When the minster bell rang noontide,
Gathered the unwelcome guests.

Then in vain, with cries discordant,
Clamorous round the Gothic spire,
Screamed the feathered Minnesingers
For the children of the choir.

Time has long effaced the inscriptions
On the cloister's funeral stones,

And tradition only tells us
Where repose the poet's bones.

But around the vast cathedral
By sweet echoes multiplied,
Still the birds repeat the legend,
And the name of Vogelweid.

Longfellow

LII

EPITAPH ON A HARE.

HERE lies, whom hound did ne'er pursue
Nor swifter greyhound follow,
Whose foot ne'er tainted morning dew,
Nor ear heard huntsman's halloo ;

Old Tiney, surliest of his kind,
Who, nursed with tender care,
And to domestic bounds confined,
Was still a wild Jack hare.

Though duly from my hand he took,
His pittance every night,
He did it with a jealous look,
And, when he could, would bite.

His diet was of wheaten bread,
And milk, and oats, and straw ;
Thistles, or lettuces instead,
With sand to scour his maw.

On twigs of hawthorn he regaled,
 'On pippins' russet peel,
And, when his juicy salads failed,
 Sliced carrot pleased him well.

A Turkey carpet was his lawn,
 Whereon he loved to bound,
To skip and gambol like a fawn,
 And swing his rump around.

His frisking was at evening hours,
 'For then he lost his fear,
But most before approaching showers,
 Or when a storm drew near.

Eight years and five round rolling moons
 He thus saw steal away,
Dozing out all his idle noons,
 And every night at play.

I kept him for his humour's sake,
 For he would oft beguile
My heart of thoughts that made it ache,
 And force me to a smile.

But now beneath his walnut shade,
 He finds his long last home,
And waits, in snug concealment laid,
 Till gentler Puss shall come.

He, still more aged, feels the shocks
From which no care can save,
And, partner once of Tiney's box,
Must soon partake his grave.

Cowper.

LIII

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

I.

HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
'Forward, the Light Brigade !
Charge for the guns !' he said :
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

II.

'Forward, the Light Brigade !'
Was there a man dismay'd ?
Not tho' the soldier knew
Some one had blunder'd :
Their's not to make reply,
Their's not to reason why,
Their's but to do and die :
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

III.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
 Volley'd and thunder'd ;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
 Rode the six hundred.

IV.

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd as they turn'd in air
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
 All the world wonder'd :
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right thro' the line they broke ;
Cossack and Russian
Reel'd from the sabre-stroke
 Shatter'd and sunder'd.
Then they rode back, but not
 Not the six hundred.

V.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
 Volley'd and thunder'd ;

Storm'd at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

VI.

When can their glory fade ?
O the wild charge they made !
All the world wonder'd.
Honour the charge they made !
Honour the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred !

Tennyson.

LIV

FOR A' THAT, AND A' THAT.

Is there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that ?
The coward slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that !
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that :
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin grey and a' that ;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that ;
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that ;
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that !

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that ;
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that :
For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that,
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak' a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that ;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith he mauna fa' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree and a' that.

For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

Burns.

LV

HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD.

By the shores of Gitche Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
Stood the wigwam of Nokomis,
Daughter of the Moon, Nokomis.
Dark behind it rose the forest,
Rose the black and gloomy pine-trees,
Rose the firs with cones upon them ;
Bright before it beat the water,
Beat the clear and sunny water,
Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water.

There the wrinkled, old Nokomis
Nursed the little Hiawatha,
Rocked him in his linden cradle,
Bedded soft in moss and rushes,
Safely bound with reindeer sinews ;
Stilled his fretful wail by saying,
" Hush ! the Naked Bear will get thee !"
Lulled him into slumber, singing,
" Ewa-yea ! my little owlet !
Who is this, that lights the wigwam ?

With his great eyes lights the wigwam ?
Ewa-yea ! my little owlet !”

Many things Nokomis taught him
Of the stars that shine in heaven ;
Showed him Ishkoodah, the comet,
Ishkoodah, with fiery tresses ;
Showed the Death-Dance of the spirits,
Warriors with their plumes and war-clubs,
Flaring far away to northward
In the frosty nights of Winter ;
Showed the broad, white road in heaven,
Pathway of the ghosts, the shadows,
Running straight across the heavens,
Crowded with the ghosts, the shadows.

At the door on summer evenings
Sat the little Hiawatha,
Heard the whispering of the pine-trees
Heard the lapping of the water,
Sounds of music, words of wonder ;
“Minne-wawa !” said the pine-trees,
“Mudway-aushka” ! said the water.

Saw the fire-fly, Wah-wah-taysee,
Flitting through the dusk of evening,
With the twinkle of its candle
Lighting up the brakes and bushes ;
And he sang the song of children,
Sang the song Nokomis taught him :
“ Wah-wah-taysee, little fire-fly,
Little, flitting, white-fire insect,

Little, dancing, white-fire creature,
Light me with your little candle,
Ere upon my bed I lay me,
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids !”

Saw the moon rise from the water
Rippling, rounding from the water,
Saw the flecks and shadows on it,
Whispered, “What is that, Nokomis ?”
And the good Nokomis answered :
“ Once a warrior, very angry,
Seized his grandmother, and threw her
Up into the sky at midnight ;
Right against the moon he threw her ;
'Tis her body that you see there.”

Saw the rainbow in the heaven,
In the eastern sky the rainbow,
Whispered, “What is that, Nokomis ?”
And the good Nokomis answered :
“ 'Tis the heaven of flowers you see there ;
All the wild flowers of the forest,
All the lilies of the prairie,
When on earth they fade and perish,
Blossom in that heaven above us.”

When he heard the owls at midnight,
Hooting, laughing in the forest,
“ What is that ?” he cried in terror ;
“ What is that ?” he said, “ Nokomis ?”

And the good Nokomis answered :
"That is but the owl and owlet,
Talking in their native language,
Talking, scolding at each other."

Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they built their nests in Summer,
Where they hid themselves in Winter,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."

Of all beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid,
Talked with them whene'er he met them
Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."

Then Iagoo, the great boaster,
He the marvellous story-teller,
He the traveller and the talker,
He the friend of old Nokomis,
Made a bow for Hiawatha ;
From a branch of ash he made it,
From an oak-bough made the arrows,
Tipped with flint, and winged with feathers
And the cord he made of deer-skin.

Then he said to Hiawatha :
" Go, my son, into the forest,
Where the red deer herd together,
Kill for us a famous roebuck,
Kill for us a deer with antlers !"

Forth into the forest straightway
All alone walked Hiawatha
Proudly, with his bow and arrows ;
And the birds sang round him, o'er him,
" Do not shoot us, Hiawatha !"
Sang the Opechee, the robin,
Sang the blue-bird, the Owaissa,
" Do not shoot us, Hiawatha !"

Up the oak-tree, close beside him,
Sprang the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
In and out among the branches,
Coughed and chattered from the oak-tree,
Laughed, and said between his laughing,
"Do not shoot me, Hiawatha !"

And the rabbit from his pathway
Leaped aside, and at a distance
Sat erect upon his haunches,
Half in fear and half in frolic,
Saying to the little hunter,
" Do not shoot me, Hiawatha !"

But he heeded not, nor heard them,
For his thoughts were with the red deer ;

On their tracks his eyes were fastened,
Leading downward to the river,
To the ford across the river,
And as one in slumber walked he.

Hidden in the alder-bushes,
There he waited till the deer came,
Till he saw two antlers lifted,
Saw two eyes look from the thicket,
Saw two nostrils point to windward,
And a deer came down the pathway,
Flecked with leafy light and shadow.
And his heart within him fluttered,
Trembled like the leaves above him,
Like the birch-leaf palpitated,
As the deer came down the pathway.

Then upon one knee uprising
Hiawatha aimed an arrow ;
Scarce a twig moved with his motion,
Scarce a leaf was stirred or rustled,
But the wary roebuck started,
Stamped with all his hoofs together,
Listened with one foot uplifted,
Leaped as if to meet the arrow ;
Ah ! the singing, fatal arrow,
Like a wasp it buzzed and stung him !

Dead he lay there in the forest,
By the ford across the river ;
Beat his timid heart no longer,
But the heart of Hiawatha

Throbbled and shouted and exulted,
As he bore the red deer homeward,
And Iagoo and Nokomis
Hailed his coming with applauses.

From the red deer's hide Nokomis
Made a cloak for Hiawatha,
From the red deer's flesh Nokomis
Made a banquet in his honour.
All the village came and feasted,
All the guests praised Hiawatha,
Called him Strong-Heart, Soan-ge-taha !
Called him Loon-Heart, Mahn-go-taysee !

Longfellow.

LVI

THE DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE.

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the underworld,
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge ;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half awakened birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square ;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Tennyson.

LAHIRI'S SELECT POEMS

FOURTH PART

LVII

ON HIS HAVING ARRIVED AT THE AGE
OF TWENTY-THREE.

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
Stolen on his wing my three-and-twentieth year !
My hasting days fly on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom showeth.

Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
That I to manhood am arrived so near ;
And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
That some more timely-happy spirits endueth.

Yet, be it less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure even
To that same lot, however mean or high,

Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven.
All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great Task-Master's eye.

Milton.

LVIII

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent

To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He returning chide,—
'Doth God exact day-labour, light denied' ?
I fondly ask :—But Patience, to prevent

That murmur, soon replies, " God doth not need
Either man's work, or His own gifts. Who best
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best. His state

Is kingly : thousands at His bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest ;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

Milton.

LIX

HAIL, HOLY LIGHT.

HAIL, holy Light, offspring of Heaven first-born !
Or of the Eternal coeternal beam
May I express thee unblamed ? since God is light,
And never but in unapproached light
Dwelt from eternity—dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate !

Or hear'st thou rather pure Ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell ? Before thê,Sun,
Before the Heavens, thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
The rising World of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless Infinite !
Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
Escaped the Stygian Pool, though long detained
In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight.
Through utter and through middle Darkness borne,
With other notes than to the Orphean lyre
I sung of Chaos and eternal Night,
Taught by the Heavenly Muse to venture down
The dark descent and up to re-ascend,
Though hard and rare. Thee I revisit safe
And feel thy sovran vital lamp ; but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn ;
So thick a drop serene hath quenched their orbs,
Or dim suffusion veiled. Yet not the more
Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song ; but chief
Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,
That wash thy hallowed feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit : nor sometimes forget
Those other two equalled with me in fate,
So were I equalled with them in renown,
Blind Thamyras and blind Mæonides,
And Tiresias and Phineus, prophets old :

Then feed on thoughts that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers ; as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and, in shadiest covert hid,
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
Seasons return ; but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine ;
But cloud instead and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and, for the book of knowledge fair,
Presented with a universal blank
Of Nature's works, to me expunged and rased,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
So much the rather thou, Celestial Light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate ; there plant eyes ; all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.

Milton.

LX

MOUNTAIN RANGES.

MID Himalaya's heights I gazed, that bound
And sentinel the North. Behind, before,
Like giants overcome that hope no more,
Lay ridge and fell, huge carcasses embrowned
And scarred with years, their mighty limbs around
Confusedly spread and dimmed by vapours hoar.

So Satan's host, down-driven from Heaven's high door
Fell prone, stretched o'er the leagues of hell's profound.
Beyond, erect and tall, in clear array,
Lifting triumphant their white crests that blushed
Rose-red with vermeil hues of opening day,
Sheer into the azure soared the peaks of snow.
So Heaven's archangels towered, their foreheads flushed
With pride of that victorious overthrow.

Webb.

LXI

THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN.

ALL the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players ;
They have their exits and their entrances ;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms ;
Then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress's eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly, with good capon lined,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,

Full of wise saws and modern instances ;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side ;
His youthful hose, well saved, a word too wide
For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice,
Turning again towards childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion ;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

Shakspeare

LXII

TO THE CUCKOO.

O blithe new-comer ! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice :
O Cuckoo ! shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering Voice ?

While I am lying on the grass
Thy twofold shout I hear ;
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off and near.

Though babbling only to the vale
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring !
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery ;

The same whom in my school-boy days
I listen'd to ; that Cry
Which made me look a thousand ways
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green ;
And thou wert still a hope, a love ;
Still long'd for, never seen !

And I can listen to thee yet ;
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again.

O blessed bird ! the earth we pace
Again appears to be
An substantial, faery place,
That is fit home for Thee !

Wordsworth.

LXIII

FIDELE

FEAR no more the heat o' the sun
Nor the furious winter's rages ;

Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone and ta'en thy wages :
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke ;
Care no more to clothe and eat ;
To thee the reed is as the oak :
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone ;
Fear not slander, censure rash ;
Thou hast finish'd joy and moan :
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

Shakspeare.

LXIV

THE SCHOLAR.

My days among the Dead are past ;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old :
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal,
And seek relief in woe ;
And while I understand and feel
How much to them I owe,
My cheeks have often been bedew'd
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the Dead ; with them
I live in long-past years,
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
Partake their hopes and fears,
And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction with an humble mind.

My hopes are with the Dead ; anon
My place with them will be,
And I with them shall travel on
Through all Futurity ;
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That will not perish in the dust.

Southey.

LXV

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY.

To be, or not to be : that is the question :
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them ? To die : to sleep ;
No more ; and by a sleep to say we end

The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep ;
To sleep : perchance to dream : ay, there's the rub ;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause : there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life ;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin ? who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd country from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of ?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all ;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pitch and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

Shakspeare.

LXVI

SHAKSPEARE'S ENGLAND.

This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.

Shakspeare.

LXVII

THIS ROYAL THRONE OF KINGS.

This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of Majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd by their breed and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
For Christian service and true chivalry,

As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's son ;
This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leased out, I die pronouncing it,
Like to a tenement or pelting farm :
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With inky blots and rotten parchment bonds.

Shakspeare.

LXVIII

TO THE REV. F. D. MAURICE.

COME, when no graver cares employ,
Godfather, come and see your boy :
Your presence will be sun in winter,
Making the little one leap for joy.

For, being of that honest few,
Who give the Fiend himself his due,
Should eighty-thousand college-councils
Thunder 'Anathema,' friend, at you ;

Should all our churchmen foam in spite
At you, so careful of the right,
Yet one lay-hearth would give you welcome
(Take it and come) to the Isle of Wight ;

Where, far from noise and smoke of town,
I watch the twilight falling brown
All round a careless-order'd garden
Close to the ridge of a noble down.

You'll have no scandal while you dine,
But honest talk and wholesome wine,
And only hear the magpie gossip
Garrulous under a roof of pine :

For groves or pine on either hand,
To break the blast of winter, stand ;
And further on, the hoary Channel
Tumbles a billow on chalk and sand ;

Where, if below the-milky steep
Some ship of battle slowly creep,
And on thro' zones of light and shadow
Glimmer away to the lonely deep, .

We might discuss the Northern sin
Which made a selfish war begin ;
Dispute the claims, arrange the chances ;
Emperor, Ottoman, which shall win :

Or whether war's avenging rod
Shall lash all Europe into blood ;
Till you should turn to dearer matters,
Dear to the man that is dear to God ;

How best to help the slender store,
How mend the dwellings, of the poor ;
How gain in life, as life advances,
Valour and charity more and more.

Come, Maurice, come : the lawn as yet
Is hoar with rime, or spongy-wet ;
But when the wreath of March has blossom'd,
Crocus, anemone, violet,
Or later, pay one visit here,
For those are few we hold as dear ;
Nor pay but one, but come for many,
Many and many a happy year.

Tennyson.

LXIX

TO THE SKYLARK

Ethereal minstrel ! pilgrim of the sky !
Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound ?
Or while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground ?
Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,
Those quivering wings composed, that music still !

To the last point of vision, and beyond
Mount, daring warbler !—that love-prompted strain
—'Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond—
Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain :
Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege ! to sing
All independent of the leafy Spring.

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood ;
A privacy of glorious light is thine,
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
Of harmony, with instinct more divine ;

Type of the wise, who soar, but never roam—
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home.

Wordsworth.

LXX

ODE TO DUTY

Stern Daughter of the Voice of God !
O Duty ! if that name thou love
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove ;
Thou who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe ;
From vain temptations dost set free,
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity !

There are who ask not if thine eye
Be on them ; who, in love and truth
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth :
Glad hearts ! without reproach or blot,
Who do thy work, and know it not :
Oh ! if through confidence misplaced
They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power ! around
them cast.

Serene will be our days and bright
And happy will our nature be
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.

And they a blissful course may hold
Ew'n now, who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed ;
Yet seek thy firm support, according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried,
No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide,
Too blindly have reposed my trust :
And oft, when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferr'd
The task, in smoother walks to stray ;
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul
Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy control,
But in the quietness of thought :
Me this uncharter'd freedom tires ;
I feel the weight of chance-desires :
My hopes no more must change their name :
I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern Lawgiver ! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace ;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face :
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,
And fragrance in thy footing treads ;
Thou dost preserve the Stars from wrong ;
And the most ancient Heavens, through Thee, are
fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power !
I call thee : I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour ;
Oh let my weakness have an end !
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice ;
The confidence of reason give ;
And in the light of truth thy Bondman let me live.

Wordsworth.

LXXI

THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US.

The World is too much with us ; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers ;
Little we see in Nature that is ours ;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon !

This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon,
The winds that will be howling at all hours
And are up-gather'd now like sleeping flowers,
For this, for everything, we are out of tune ;

It moves us not.—Great God ! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn,—
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,

Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn ;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea ;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathéd horn.

Wordsworth.

LXXII

UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

SEPT. 3, 1802.

Earth has not anything to show more fair :
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty :
This City now doth like a garment wear

The beauty of the morning : silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky,
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.

Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill ;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !

The river glideth at his own sweet will :
Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ;
And all that mighty heart is lying still !

Wordsworth.

LXXIII

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO
CHAPMAN'S HOMER.

Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen ;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.

Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne :
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold :

—Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken ;
Or like stout Cortez—when with eagle eyes

He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

Keats.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

LXXIV.

Sweet Auburn ! loveliest village of the plain ;
Where health and plenty cheered the labouring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed :
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene,
How often have I paused on every charm,
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighbouring hill,

The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made !
How often have I blessed the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old surveyed ;
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round,
And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired ;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown
By holding out to tire each other down :
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter tittered round the place ;
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove.
These were thy charms, sweet village ! sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught even toil to please :
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed :
These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn ;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green :
One only master grasps the whole domain
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain.
No more the glassy brook reflects the day,
But, choked with sedges works its weary way ;

Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow sounding bittern guards its nest
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries ;
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall ;
And trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay :
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade ;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made :
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man ;
For him light labour spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more :
His best companions innocence and health ;
And his best riches ignorance of wealth.

But times are altered ; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land and dispossess the swain ;
Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose,
And every want to opulence allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
These gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that asked but little room,

Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
Lived in each look, and brightened all the green ;
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn ! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swell at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down ;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose.
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw ;
And as a hare whom hounds and horns pursue
Pants to the place from whence at first he flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care, that never must be mine,

How happy he who crowns in shades like these
A youth of labour with an age of ease ;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly !
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep ;
No surly porter stands in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate :
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending Virtue's friend ;
Bends to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way ;
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past !

Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose.
There, as I passed with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came softened from below ;
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young ,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind ;—
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
For all the blooming flush of life is fled—

All but yon widowed, solitary thing,
That feebly bends besides the plashy spring ;
She, wretched matron, forced in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry fagot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn ;
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain !

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild ;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year ;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place ;
Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour ;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train ;
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain :
The long remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed ;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away,
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won.

Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to Virtue's side ;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place ;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran ;
Even children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth express ;
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distress :

To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Tho' round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view ;—
I knew him well, and every truant knew :
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face ;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;
Full well the busy whisper circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault ;
The village all declared how much he knew :
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too :
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And even the story ran that he could gauge :
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For, even tho' vanquished, he could argue still ;
While words of learned length and thundering sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around ;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew.

But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumphed is forgot.

Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts in-
spired,

Where gray-beard mirth and smiling toil retired,
Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.

Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour-splendours of that festive place :
The white-washed wall, the nicely-sanded floor,
The varnished clock that clicked behind the door ;
The chest contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day ;
The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose ;
The hearth, except when winter chilled the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers and fennel gay ;
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.

Vain transitory splendours ! could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall ?
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart.
Thither no more the peasant shall repair
To sweet oblivion of his daily care ;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail ;

No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear ;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the manting bliss go round ;
Nor the coy maid, half-willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes ! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train ;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art :
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway ;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind.
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined.
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth arrayed—
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain ;
And e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart distrusting asks if this be joy.

Goldsmith.

LXXV

TRAVELLER.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind.
Why have I strayed from pleasure and repose,
To seek a good each government bestows ?

In every government, though terrors reign,
 Though tyrant kings or tyrant laws restrain,
 How small of all that human hearts endure,
 That part which laws or kings can cause or cure !
 Still to ourselves in every place consigned,
 Our own felicity we make or find :
 With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
 Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
 The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
 Luke's iron crown, and Damiens' bed of steel,
 To men remote from power but rarely known,
 Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.

Goldsmith.

LXXVI
 ELEGY

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
 The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
 The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.
 Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds :
 Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
 The moping owl does to the moon complain

Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care :
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
How jocund did they drive their team afield !
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile ;
The short and simple annals of the Poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour :—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,'
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre:

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes

Their lot forbade ; nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined ;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learned to stray ;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unlettered Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply :
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
E'en from the tomb voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonoured dead,
Dost in this lines their artless tale relate ;
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,—
Haply some hoary-headed swain may say :
Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn ;
There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by,
Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove ;
Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.
One morn I missed him on the accustomed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favourite tree ;
Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he ;
The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head, upon the lap of Earth,
A Youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown ;

Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
-And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere :
Heaven did a recompense as largely send :
He gave to Misery all he had, a tear ;
He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

Gray

LXXVII

MORTE D'ARTHUR.

So all day long the noise of battle roll'd
Among the mountains by the winter sea ;
Until King Arthur's table, man by man,
Had fallen in Lyonesse about their Lord,
King Arthur : then because his wound was deep,
The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,
Sir Bedivere, the last of all his knights,
And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,
A broken chancel with a broken cross,
That stood on a dark strait of barren land.
On one side lay the Ocean, and on one
Lay a great water, and the moon was full.
Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere :
' The sequel of to-day unsolders all

The goodliest fellowship of famous knights
Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep
They sleep—the men I loved. I think that we
Shall never more, at any future time,
Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,
Walking about the gardens and the halls
Of Camelot, as in the days that were.
I perish by this people which I made,—
Tho' Merlin sware that I should come again
To rule once more—but let what will be, be,
I am so deeply smitten thro' the helm
That without help I cannot last till morn.
Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,
Which was my pride : for thou rememberest how
In those old days, one summer noon, an arm
Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
Holding the sword—and how I row'd across
And took it, and have worn it, like a king :
And, wheresoever I am sung or told
In aftertime, this also shall be known :
But now delay not : take Excalibur,
And fling him far into the middle mere :
Watch what thou seest, and lightly bring me word.'

To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere :
'It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus,
Aidless, alone, and smitten thro' the helm.
A little thing may harm a wounded man.
Yet I thy hest will all perform at full,

Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word.'
So saying, from the ruin'd shrine he stept
And in the moon athwart the place of tombs,
Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,
Old knights, and over them the sea-wind sang
Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He, stepping down
By zig-zag paths, and juts of pointed rock,
Came on the shining levels of the lake.

There drew he forth the brand Excalibur,
And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,
Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth
And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt :
For all the haft twinkled with diamond sparks,
Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinth-work
Of subtlest jewellery. He gazed so long
That both his eyes were dazzled, as he stood,
This way and that dividing the swift mind,
In act to throw : but at the last it seem'd
Better to leave Excalibur conceal'd
There in the many-knotted waterflags,
That whistled stiff and dry about the marge.
So strode he back slow to the wounded King.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere :
'Hast thou perform'd my mission which I gave ?
What is it thou hast seen ? or what hast heard ?'
And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :
'I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,
And the wild water lapping on the crag.'

To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale :
'Thou hast betray'd thy nature and thy name,
Not rendering true answer, as beseem'd
Thy fealty, nor like a noble knight : -
For surer sign had follow'd, either hand,
Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.
This is a shameful thing for men to lie.
Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again
As thou art lief and dear, and do the thing
I bade thee, watch, and lightly bring me word.'
Then went Sir Bedivere the second time
Across the ridge, and paced beside the mere,
Counting the dewy pebbles, fix'd in thought ;
But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,
How curiously and strangely chased, he smote
His palms together, and he cried aloud,
'And if indeed I cast the brand away,
Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,
Should thus be lost for ever from the earth,
Which might have pleased the eyes of many men.
What good should follow this, if this were done ?
What harm, undone ? deep harm to disobey,
Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.
Were it well to obey then, if a king demand
An act unprofitable, against himself ?
The King is sick, and knows not what he does,
What record, or what relic of my Lord
Should be to aftertime, but empty breath
And rumours of a doubt ? but were this kept
Stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings,
Some one might show it at a joust of arms,

Saying, "King Arthur's sword, Excalibur,
Wrought by the lonely maiden of the Lake.
Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps
Upon the hidden bases of the hills."
So might some old man speak in the aftertime
To all the people, winning reverence.
But now much honour and much fame were lost.'
So spake he, clouded with his own conceit,
And hid Excalibur the second time,
And so strode back slow to the wounded King.
Then spoke King Arthur, breathing heavily :
'What is it thou hast seen ? or what hast heard ?'
And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :
'I heard the water lapping on the crag,
And the long ripple washing in the reeds.'
To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath :
'Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,
Unknightly, traitor-hearted ! Woe is me !
Authority forgets a dying king,
Laid widow'd of the power in his eye
That bow'd the will. I see thee what thou art,
For thou, the latest-left of all my knights,
In whom should meet the offices of all,
Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt ;
Either from lust of gold, or like a girl
Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.
Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,
And the third time may prosper, get thee hence :
But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,
I will arise and slay thee with my hands.'
Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,

And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged
Among the bulrush-beds, and clutch'd the sword,
And strongly wheel'd and threw it. The great brand
Made lightnings in the splendour of the moon,
And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in an arch
Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock
By night, with noises of the northern sea.
So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur :
But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
And caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.
And lightly went the other to the King.
Then spoke King Arthur, drawing thicker breath :
' Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.
Speak out : what is it thou hast heard, or seen ? '
And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :
' Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems
Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,
Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,
Not tho' I live three lives of mortal men,
So great a miracle as yonder hilt.
Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him ;
But when I look'd again, behold an arm,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
That caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.'
And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard :
' My end draws nigh ; 'tis time that I were gone.
Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight

And bear me to the margin ; yet I fear
My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die.'
So saying, from the pavement he half rose,
Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,
And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes
As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere
Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears,
And would have spoken, but he found not words,
Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,
O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,
And rising bore him thro' the place of tombs.
But, as he walk'd King Arthur panted hard,
Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed
When all the house is mute. So sigh'd the King,
Muttering and murmuring at his ear, ' Quick, quick !
I fear it is too late, and I shall die.'
But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,
Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walk'd,
Larger than human on the frozen hills.
He heard the deep behind him, and a cry
Before. His own thought drove him, like a goad.
Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves
And barren chasms, and all to left and right
The bare black cliff clang'd round him, as he based
His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang
Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed heels—
And on a sudden, lo ! the level lake,
And the long glories of the winter moon.
Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
Beneath them ; and descending they were ware

That all the decks were dense with stately forms
Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream—by these
Three Queens with crowns of gold—and from
 them rose

A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,
And, as it were one voice an agony
Of lamentation, like a wind, that shrills
All night in a waste land, where no one comes,
Or hath come, since the making of the world.
Then murmur'd Arthur, 'Place me in the barge,'
And to the barge they came. There those three
Queens

Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept.
But she, that rose the tallest of them all
And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,
And loosed the shatter'd casque, and chafed his
 hands,

And call'd him by his name, complaining loud,
And dropping bitter tears against his brow
Striped with dark blood : for all his face was white
And colourless, and like the wither'd moon
Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east ;
And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd with drops
Of onset ; and the light and lustrous curls—
That made his forehead like a rising sun
High from the dais-throne—were parch'd with
 dust ;

Or, clotted into points and hanging loose,
Mix'd with the knightly growth that fringed his
 lips.

So like a shatter'd column lay the King ;

Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest,
From spur to plume a star of tournament,
Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and charged
Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.
Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere,
' Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go?
Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?
For now I see the true old times are dead,
When every morning brought a noble chance,
And every chance brought out a noble knight.
Such times have been not since the light that led
The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.
But now the whole ROUND TABLE is dissolved
Which was an image of the mighty world;
And I, the last, go forth companionless,
And the days darken round me, and the years,
Among new men, strange faces, other minds.'
And slowly answered Arthur from the barge:
'The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
Comfort thyself: what comfort is in me?
I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within Himself make pure! but thou,
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by
prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy
voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats

That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them
friend ?

For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
But now farewell. I am going a long way
With these thou seest—if indeed I go—
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)
To the island-valley of Avilion ;
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly ; but it lies
Deep-meadow'd, happy fair with orchard-lawns
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound.'
So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
Revolving many memories, till the hull
Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn,
And on the mere the wailing died away.

Tennyson.

LXXVIII

THE BROOK.

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river :
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel.

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots ;
I slide by hazel covers ;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows ;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses ;
I linger by my shingly bars ;
I loiter round my cresses ;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river :
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

Tennyson.

LXXIX.

THOUGHTS IN A GARDEN

How vainly men themselves amaze
To win the palm, the oak, or bays,
And their incessant labours see
Crown'd from some single herb or tree,
Whose short and narrow-vergéd shade
Does prudently their toils upbraid ;
While all the flowers and trees do close
To weave the garlands of Repose.

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence thy sister dear ?
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busy companies of men :
Your sacred plants, if here below,
Only among the plants will grow :
Society is all but rude
To this delicious solitude.

No white nor red was ever seen
So amorous as this lovely green.
Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,
Cut in these trees their mistress' name.
Little, alas, they know or heed
How far these beauties her exceed !
Fair trees ! where'er your barks I wound,
No name shall but your own be found.

When we have run our passion's heat
Love hither makes his best retreat :
The gods, who mortal beauty chase,
Still in a tree did end their race :
Apollo hunted Daphne so
Only that she might laurel grow :
And Pan did after Syrinx speed
Not as a nymph, but for a reed.

What wonderous life is this I lead !
Ripe apples drop about my head ;
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine ;
The nectarine and curious peach
Into my hands themselves do reach ;
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Ensnared with flowers, I fall on grass.

Meanwhile the mind from pleasure less
Withdraws into its happiness ;
The mind, that ocean where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find ;
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other worlds, and other seas ;
Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot
Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,
Casting the body's vest aside
My soul into the boughs does glide ;

There, like a bird, it sits and sings,
Then whets and claps its silver wings,
And, till prepared for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various light.

Such was that happy Garden-state
While man there walk'd without a mate :
After a place so pure and sweet,
What other help could yet be meet !
But 'twas beyond a mortal's share
To wander solitary there :
Two Paradises 'twere in one,
To live in Paradise alone.

How well the skilful gardener drew
Of flowers and herbs this dial new !
Where, from above, the milder sun
Does through a fragrant zodiac run :
And, as it works, th' industrious bee
Computes its time as well as we.
How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckon'd but with herbs and flowers !

Marvell.

LXXX.

ODE TO EVENING

IF aught of oaten stop or pastoral song
May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear
Like thy own solemn springs,
Thy springs, and dying gales ;

O Nymph reserved,—while now the bright-hair'd sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
 With brede ethereal wove,
 O'erhang his wavy bed ;

Now air is hush'd. save where the weak-eyed bat
With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing,
 Or where the beetle winds
 His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum,—
 Now teach me, maid composed,
 To breathe some soften'd strain

Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening vale
May not unseemly with its stillness suit ;
 As, musing slow, I hail
 Thy genial loved return.

For when thy folding-star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
 The fragrant Hours, and Elves
 Who slept in buds the day,

And many a Nymph who wreathes her brows with
 sedge
And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier still,
 The pensive Pleasures sweet,
 Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene ;
Or find some ruin midst its dreary dells,
Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams.

Or, if chill blustering winds or driving rain
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut
That, from the mountain's side,
Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires ;
And hears their simple bell ; and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve !
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light ;

While fallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves ;
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train
And rudely rends thy robes ;

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And love thy favourite name !

Collins.

LXXXI.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

FATHER of all ! in ev'ry age
In ev'ry clime adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord !

Thou Great First Cause, least understood :
Who all my sense confined
To know but this, that Thou art good,
And that myself am blind ;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill ;
And binding Nature fast in Fate,
Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to shun,
That, more than Heaven pursue.

What blessings Thy free bounty gives,
Let me not cast away ;
For God is paid when man receives :
To enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span,
Thy goodness led me bound,
Or think Thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round.

Let not this weak unknowing hand,
Presume Thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge Thy foe.

If I am right, Thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay ;
If I am wrong, oh, teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent,
At aught Thy wisdom has denied,
Or aught Thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see ;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quickened by Thy breath ;
Oh, lead me wheresoe'er I go,
Through this day's life or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot
All else beneath the sun,
Thou know'st if best bestowed or not ;
And let Thy will be done.

To Thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies,
One chorus let all beings raise ;
All nature's incense rise !

Pope.

LXXXII.

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk :
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thine happiness,—
That thou, light-wingéd Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O for a draught of vintage ! that hath been
Cool'd a long age in the deep-delvéd earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth !
O for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stainéd mouth ;
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim :

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan ,
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs ;
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away ! away ! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards :
Already with thee ! tender is the night,
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays ;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalm'd darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild ;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine ;
Fast fading violets cover'd up in leaves ;
And mid-May's eldest child

The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine, ,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer'eves.

Darkling I listen ; and for many a time,
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Call'd him soft names in many a muséd rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath ;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy !
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird !
No hungry generations tread thee down ;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown :
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for
home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn ;
The same that oft-times hath
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn ! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self !
Adieu ! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.

Adieu ! adieu ! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side ; and now 'tis buried deep
• In the next valley-glades:
Was it a vision, or a waking dream ?
Fled is that music :—Do I wake or sleep ?

Keats.

LXXXIII

THE REALM OF FANCY

Ever let the Fancy roam !
Pleasure never is at home :
At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth,
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth ;
Then let wingéd Fancy wander
Through the thought still spread beyond her :
Open wide the mind's cage-door,
She'll dart forth, and cloudward soar.
O sweet Fancy ! let her loose ;
Summer's joys are spoilt by use,
And the enjoying of the Spring
Fades as does its blossoming :
Autumn's red-lipp'd fruitage too,
Blushing through the mist and dew,
Cloys with tasting : What do then ?
Sit thee by the ingle, when
The sear faggot blazes bright,
Spirit of a winter's night ;

When the soundless earth is muffled,
And the cakéd snow is shuffled
From the ploughboy's heavy shoon ;
When the Night doth meet the Noon
In a dark conspiracy
To banish Even from her sky.
—Sit thee there, and send abroad,
With a mind self-overawed,
Fancy, high-commission'd :—send her !
She has vassals to attend her ;
She will bring, in spite of frost,
Beauties that the earth hath lost ;
She will bring thee, all together,
All delights of summer weather ;
All the buds and bells of May
From dewy sward or thorny spray ;
All the heapéd Autumn's wealth,
With a still, mysterious stealth ;
She will mix these pleasures up
Like three fit wines in a cup,
And thou shalt quaff it :—thou shalt hear
Distant harvest-carols clear ;
Rustle of the reapéd corn ;
Sweet birds antheming the morn :
And, in the same moment—hark !
'Tis the early April lark,
Or the rooks, with busy caw,
Foraging for sticks and straw.
Thou shalt, at one glance, behold
The daisy and the marigold ;

White-plumed lilies, and the first
Hedge-grown primrose that hath burst ;
Shaded hyacinth, always
Sapphire queen of the mid-May ;
And every leaf, and every flower
Pearled with the self-same shower.
Thou shalt see the field-mouse peep
Meagre from its celléd sleep ;
And the snake all winter-thin
Cast on sunny bank its skin ;
Freckled nest-eggs thou shalt see
Hatching in the hawthorn-tree,
When the hen-bird's wing doth rest
Quiet on her mossy nest ;
Then the hurry and alarm
When the bee-hive casts its swarm ;
Acorns ripe down-pattering,
While the autumn breezes sing.

—Let the wingéd Fancy roam !
Pleasure never is at home.

Keats.

LXXXIV.

SUMMER RAIN.

THICK lay the dust, uncomfortably white,
In glaring mimicry of Arab sand.
The woods and mountains slept in hazy light ;
The meadows looked athirst and tawny tanned ;

The little rills had left their channels bare,
With scarce a pool to witness what they were ;
And the shrunk river gleamed 'mid oozy stones,
That stared like any famished giant's bones.
Sudden the hills grew black, and hot 'as, stove
The air beneath ; it was a toil to be
There was a growling as of angry Jove,
Provoked by Juno's prying jealousy—
A flash—a crash—the firmament was split,
And down it came in drops—the smallest fit
To drown a bee in fox-glove bell conceal'd ;
Joy filled the brook, and comfort cheered the field.

Hartley Coleridge.

LXXXV.

ON A DEAF AND DUMB LITTLE GIRL.

LIKE a loose island on the wide expanse,
Unconscious floating on the fickle sea,
Herself her all, she lives in privacy ;
Her waking life as lonely as a trance,
Doomed to behold the universal dance,
And never hear the music which expounds
The solemn step, coy slide, the merry bounds,
The vague mute language of the countenance.
In vain for her I smooth my antic rhyme ;
She cannot hear it, all her little being
Concentred in her solitary seeing—
What can she know of beauteous or sublime ?

And yet methinks she looks so calm and good,
God must be with her in her solitude.

Hartley Coleridge.

LXXXVI.

THE DEATH BED.

We watch'd her breathing thro' the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seem'd to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
Another morn than ours.

Hood.

LXXXVII

A HYMN OF THANKSGIVING.

When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravished heart !
But Thou canst read it there.

To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in prayer.

Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed
Before my infant heart conceived
From whence these comforts flowed.

When in the slippery paths of youth
With headless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and death,
It gently cleared my way ;

And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renewed my face ;
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er ;
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my store.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide Thy works no more,
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise :

But O ! eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise !

Addison.

LXXXVIII.

THE BEATIFIC VISION.

SHEPHERD Divine, our wants relieve

In this our evil day ;
To all thy tempted followers give
The power to watch and pray.

Long as our fiery trials last,
Long as the cross we bear,
O let our souls on Thee be cast
In never-ceasing prayer.

The spirit of interceding grace
Give us in faith to claim ;
To wrestle till we see Thy face,
And know Thy hidden Name.

Till Thou Thy perfect love impart,
Till Thou Thyself bestow,
Be this the cry of every heart,
“ I will not let Thee go.”

I will not let thee go unless
Thou tell Thy Name to me ;
With all Thy great salvation bless,
And make me all like Thee.

Then let me on the mountain top ,
Behold Thine open face,
Where faith in sight is swallowed up,
And prayer in endless praise.

Wesley.

INDEX OF AUTHORS.

WITH BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

Addison, Joseph ; 1672—1719. (No. 87) A great prose-author (his *Spectator* should be read and re-read by all who wish to write good English) ; he was but a second-rate poet. The verses he composed in honour of the Duke of Marlborough's victories obtained for him the post of Under-Secretary of State. The hymn at the close of this selection is perhaps the most genuine poetry he ever wrote ; it reveals the essential goodness of the man himself.

Blake, William ; 1757—1827. (No. 7) Engraver and printer ; printed and illustrated his own poems. His three best works, *Poetical Sketches*, *Songs of Innocence*, and *Songs of Experience*, were written in youth and early manhood.

Browning, Elizabeth Barrett ; 1809-1861. (Nos. 1, 11, 13, 35, 40) Married Robert Browning in 1846, and spent the rest of her life in Italy. Her keen interest in the political emancipation of Italy shows itself in *Casa Guidi Windows* ; her aspirations after social reform, in *Aurora Leigh* and the *Cry of the Children*. Some critics rank her, as a sonnet-writer, with Milton and Wordsworth ; and in her *Sonnets from the Portuguese* she has immortalised the love that led to her own ideally perfect marriage.

Browning, Robert ; 1812-1889. (Nos. 15, 47) Chief poems, *Pauline*, *Paracelsus*, *Sordello*, *Dramatic Lyrics* (No. 15), *Dramatic Romances* (No. 47), *Men and Women*,

Dramatis Personæ, The Ring and the Book, and Asolando. Was buried in Westminster Abbey. One of the greatest poets of the last century inferior to Tennyson in delicacy of word-painting and musical expression, but superior in depth of thought and dramatic power.

Burns, Robert ; 1759-1796. (No. 54) The national bard of Scotland, and almost the greatest lyric poet of Europe. He embodied in his verse (No. 54 is a characteristic example) those world-wide aspirations of humanity which culminated in the Independence of the United States and the French Revolution. The deep piety in which he was brought up is beautifully pictured in *The Cottar's Saturday Night*; his contempt for religious hypocrisy finds vent in the *Holy Fair*, and *Holy Willie*. Other well-known poems *Hallowe'en*, *Tam o' Shanter*, and the *Address to the Deil*. But it is as a song-writer that he is immortal. To epitomize an eminent critic—"Burns found the Scottish song-book largely made of sewer-slime; he left it all lilies and violets."

Byron, Lord (George Noel Gordon) 1788-1824. (Nos. 33, 45) Born in London; educated at Harrow and Cambridge. He was the spoiled child of a violent and injudicious mother; and when he "found himself famous," after publishing the first two cantos of *Childe Harold*, he became the spoiled child of fashionable society. After his separation from his wife in 1816, and self-banishment from England, he lived in Switzerland and Italy; became intimate with Shelley, and was influenced by Goethe. Thenceforward his genius deepened and ripened. No. 45 from the 4th Canto of *Childe Harold* exemplifies this later stage; as No. 33, from the 1st Canto, does his earlier style. Intensely vain and egotistical, he loved to pose as a cynical debauchee (as in *Childe Harold*), or a God-defying hero (as in *Manfred*

and *Cain*). His strength lay in revolutionary energy or stinging satire ; his greatest poems are *Don Juan* and the *Vision of Judgment*. Mazzini says of him : " The day will come when Democracy will remember all that it owes to Byron... From him we have learned to study Shakespear : from him dates our sympathy for this land of liberty... He led the genius of Britain on a pilgrimage throughout all Europe."

Campbell, Thomas ; 1777—1844. (Nos. 24, 29, 30) Born in Glasgow ; educated there and in Edinburgh. He made his reputation by *The Pleasures of Hope* at twenty-one ; received a pension of £200 from the Crown ; became Rector of the Glasgow University in 1827, and was re-elected the next two years. Died at Boulogne. *Gertrude of Wyoming* and *O'Conner's Child* are among his best longer poems ; but it is by the short poems (such as those here selected) that he will be remembered. The *Battle of the Baltic* approaches more nearly to the sublime than any of these, but it is disfigured by serious literary blemishes.

Coleridge, Hartley ; 1796—1849. (Nos. 84, 85) Son of S. T. Coleridge. He wrote short poems of remarkable beauty ; but was incapable of sustained serious work.

Coleridge, Samuel Taylor ; 1772—1834. (Nos. 3, 39) Son of a Devonshire clergyman ; educated at Christ's Hospital and Cambridge. Was intimate with Southey and Wordsworth. Latterly he became addicted to opium ; the slavery of which habit he felt acutely, but never succeeded in completely breaking. His greatest poems are *Christabel* and the *Rime of the Ancient Mariner*. But it was by his philosophic and critical prose (*Aids to Reflection*, *Biographia Literaria* and *Table Talk*) that he chiefly influenced the thought of his day.

- Collins, William**, 1721—1759. (No. 80) Educated at Winchester and Oxford. Wrote *Persian Eclogues*, and several *Odes*.
- Cowper, William**, 1731—1800 (Nos. 5, 12, 28, 42, 52) Son of a clergyman at Berkhamsted. Was intended for the law; and received a nomination to a clerkship in the House of Lords, but was too shy and nervous to enter on its duties. Suffered from nervous melancholy and was at times actually insane. He assisted the Rev. John Newton in composing the *Olney Hymns*: and in 1780 began to cultivate the poetic art, partly as a recreation, but chiefly as a means of teaching morality and religion. *Table Talk*, *Conversation*, *Retirement*, *The Task*, and *Tirocinium* were thus produced; afterwards a translation of Homer. In a limited way he was the precursor of Byron and Wordsworth; the poet of Freedom, of Nature and Humanity. As a letter-writer his merit is unrivalled.
- Crabbe, George**, 1754—1832. (No. 41) Born, of poor parents, at Aldborough, in Suffolk; was apprenticed to a surgeon, but gave up doctoring for literature; published *The Library*; became a clergyman; and two years later, made his reputation by *The Village*. He afterwards produced the *Parish Register*, *The Borough*, *Tales in Verse*, and *Tales of the Hall*. He was the first writer to draw popular attention to the grim realities of rustic life. He excels in a minute fidelity of description, which No. 41 vividly exemplifies.
- Dekker, Thomas**, 1570—1641. (No. 43) One of the later Elizabethan dramatists; wrote *Phaeton*, *Old Fortunatus*, *Shoemaker's Holiday*, *Satiro-mastix*, and other plays; also many political pamphlets.

Dobell, Sydney, 1824—1874. (No. 46) Born in Kent, educated at home; spent the greater part of his life in business. His enthusiasm for the Italian cause led him to write his first poem, *The Roman*, which rapidly achieved popularity. *Balder*, though more profound in thought and feeling, was less successful. He afterwards published sonnets and lyric poems inspired by the Crimean War.

Dyer, John, 1699—1758. (No. 50) Born in Cæmarthenshire, or parents descended from Huguenot refugee weavers; inherited a passion for freedom and a love of industry, which alike inspire his poems. *Grongar Hill*, *The Ruins of Rome*, and *The Fleece* were his chief poems. A love of natural scenery and deep sympathy with all kinds of honest human work are his chief characteristics.

Goldsmith, Oliver, 1728—1774 (Nos. 74, 75) Son of an Irish clergyman, and educated in Ireland; studied medicine at Edinburgh and Leyden; travelled on foot through the Continent; finally settled down to literary life in London. His chief works are the well-known novel *The Vicar of Wakefield*; essays published under the title of *The Citizen of the World*; two plays, *The Good-natured Man*, and *She Stoops to Conquer*; and poems, of which the best are *The Deserted Village*, and *The Traveller*.

Gray, Thomas, 1716—1771. (No. 76) Educated at Eton and Cambridge. Travelled on the Continent with the son of Sir Robert Walpole, the Prime Minister; afterwards settled at Cambridge, where ultimately he became Professor of Modern History. He wrote several Odes, the first being one *On a Distant Prospect of Eton College*. But it is to his *Elegy, Written in a Country Churchyard* that he owes his lasting popularity.

- Herbert, George, 1593—1633.** (No. 37) Vicar of Bemerton, near Salisbury. Was himself the ideal clergyman described in his prose work, *The Country Parson*. His poem *The Temple*, is unique in English literature for its combination of Elizabethan fancy and shrewd commonsense with rich poetical imagery and profound religious emotion.
- Herrick, Robert, 1591—1674.** (Nos. 2, 20) Educated at Cambridge. Became a clergyman, and was made Vicar of Dean Prior in Devonshire. In 1648 he was ejected by Cromwell, and went to reside in London. He was restored to his living in 1660 by Charles II. He wrote *Noble Numbers* (chiefly religious) and a collection of short poems the *Hesperides*.
- Hood, Thomas, 1799—1845.** (No. 86) Son of a London publisher and bookseller; was apprenticed to his uncle, an engraver, but through ill-health had to give this up, and take to literature, chiefly for the comic magazines. He founded *Hood's Comic Annual*. But his deepest genius lay in the tender and pathetic. His best known poems are *The Bridge of Sighs*, *The Song of the Shirt*, and the *Dream of Eugene Aram*.
- Howitt, Mary, 1799—1888** (No. 8) Poet and prose writer; married William Howitt, himself an author; after his death received a Government pension of £100 a year. Wrote graceful stories and verses, chiefly for young people.
- Hunt, James Henry Leigh.** 1784—1859 [No. 16], of American extraction, but born in England; educated at Christ's Hospital; became a lawyer's clerk. Published the *Examiner*, in which he libelled the Prince Regent; for this he was imprisoned for two years. Published many essays and poems and edited several journals.

Keats, John, 1796—1821. (Nos. 73, 82, 83) Born in London, and for some time a surgeon's apprentice. Published his *Endymion* at the age of twenty-two. He had the makings of a great poet in him ; but a diseased constitution prevented their full development, and led to his premature death in Italy. For spontaneous beauty of expression and form, in his shorter poems, he has been ranked with Shakspeare. His other chief poems are *Hyperion*, *Isabella*, *Lamia*, and *The Eve of St Agnes*.

Ken, Thomas, 1637—1711. (No. 36) Bishop of Bath and Wells, was one of the "Seven Bishops" whom James II arrested for their opposition to his "Declaration of Indulgence." Afterwards he was one of the "Nonjurors," whose consciences would not allow them to take the 'Oath of Allegiance' to William III. His *Morning Hymn* (No. 36), and *Evening Hymn* are two of the best in the English language.

Kingsley, Charles, 1819—1875 (No. 38). Educated at King's College, London and Cambridge. Became a prominent clergyman and social reformer. Was rector of Hursley, Canon of Westminster, and Professor of Modern History at Cambridge. His chief novels are *Alton Locke* (from which No. 38 is taken), *Yeast*, *Westward Ho*; *Hereward the Wake*, *Two Years Ago*, and *Hypatia*; his chief poem is *The Saint's Tragedy*.

Logan, John, 1748—1788 (No. 6) A Scottish divine, poet, and miscellaneous writer. It is uncertain whether he or Michael Bruce really wrote the *Ode to the Cuckoo* (No. 6); Logan certainly published it as his own. Possibly he polished and improved a MS. poem of Bruce's which had been left to him.

Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth, 1807—1882. (Nos. 14, 34, 51, 55) American poet; professor of Modern Languages at Harvard University. He travelled much in Europe, and studied its languages and literature. In his limitations he resembles Cowper, as also in his moral earnestness, but his song is more graceful and melodious. His shorter poems, more especially the *Psalm of Life* and *Excelsior*, attained immense popularity among the English middle classes. His chief longer poems are *Evangeline*, *The Spanish Student*, *The Courtship of Miles Standish* and *The Golden Legend*. His most unique and characteristic work is *Hiawatha*, an idealisation of the legends and social traditions of the Red Indian tribes of North America.

Marvell, Andrew, 1620—1678. (No. 79) Puritan poet and prose writer. Was tutor to Fairfax's daughter, and assistant to Milton as Foreign Secretary under the Commonwealth. Under Charles II he was a distinguished satirist. Though inflexible in his opinions, there was nothing of partisan rancour in him; in his *Ode to Cromwell* he speaks of Charles I as one who "Nothing common did or mean, Upon that memorable scene," viz., his execution. His other best known poem is the *Song of the Emigrants in Bermuda*.

Milton, John, 1608—1674. (Nos. 57, 58, 59) Tennyson calls him the "God-gifted organ-voice of England." Was Latin Secretary to the Council of State under Cromwell, and lost his eyesight through overwork. Lived in retirement after the Restoration. His great epic is *Paradise Lost*, though he himself preferred his *Paradise Regained*. His *Samson Agonistes* has the sublime strength of the Greek dramas upon which it was modelled. His shorter poems are of exquisite beauty: *Lycidas*, *L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*,

and the *Hymn on the Nativity*. His *Sonnets* are models of majestic grace.

Moore, Thomas, 1779—1852. (Nos. 4, 17, 31) A brilliant Irish poet. Was most successful in satire and burlesque; his sentimental and serious poetry is superficial though melodious and glittering. His chief poems are: *Irish Melodies*, *Lalla Rookh*, and *Loves of the Angels*. Was also a successful prose writer.

Pope, Alexander, 1688—1744 (Nos. 19, 81) Son of a London linendraper, and educated chiefly at home. He wrote No. 19 at the age of twelve. He became the undisputed leader of poetical literature, and held that position for some thirty years. The poetry of his (the classical) School is essentially artificial, though brilliant and polished. His chief works are *Pastorals*, an *Essay on Criticism*, the *Rape of the Lock*, the *Messiah*, the *Dunciad*, an *Essay on Man*, and translations of Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*.

Scott, Sir Walter, 1771—1832 (Nos. 9, 23, 48) Poet and novelist, son of an Edinburgh attorney. Between 1802 and 1813 he published poems including the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, *Marmion*, and *The Lady of the Lake*. He purchased an estate and built Abbotsford. In 1814 he began to write novels, for some time anonymously. *Waverley* was the first; among the others the best known are *Old Mortality*, *Kenilworth*, *The Antiquary*, *Heart of Midlothian*, *Rob Roy*.

Shakspeare, William, 1564—1616 (Nos. 61, 63, 65, 66, 67) Born at Stratford-on-Avon, and educated at the Grammar School there. Became an actor and play-wright; later on part-owner of a playhouse in London. By diligent attention to business, he amassed

a fortune that enabled him to buy an estate at Stratford and retire to the life of a country gentleman. Besides the historical plays, those best known are: *Romeo and Juliet*, *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Merchant of Venice*, *As you Like it* and *The Tempest*. His fame as a dramatist has become European. His *Sonnets* and other poems are of high poetical merit.

Shenstone, William, 1714—1763 (No. 26) Poet and essayist ; the son of a Shropshire farmer, and educated at Oxford. His chief work was *The School-mistress* in the Spenserian stanza.

Southey, Robert, 1774—1843. (Nos. 25, 64) An industrious prose-writer, and conscientious poet ; an intimate friend of Coleridge and Charles Lamb. Was made Poet Laureate in 1813. No. 25 is an example of the humour, sometimes satiric, sometimes playful, which was a saving characteristic of his genius. Of his longer poems, *Madoc*, *Thalaba*, *The Curse of Kehama*, and *Roderick*, now little read, the last best deserves study. His prose was admirable ; is at its best in the *Life of Nelson*.

Tennyson, Lord Alfred, 1809—1893. (Nos. 29, 53, 56, 68, 77, 78) Son of a Lincolnshire clergyman ; educated at Louth Grammar School and Cambridge, where he was the intimate friend of Arthur Hallam (son of the historian) whose memory is enshrined in *In Memoriam*, probably Tennyson's greatest work. He himself looked upon the *Idylls of the King*, a sequence of separate poems in which the legends about King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table are idealized, as his life-work. He was made Poet Laureate in 1851, and created Baron Tennyson in 1883. His poems embody all that is best in the cultured life of the Victorian age.

Latterly he essayed the drama; and his "Becket" was one of Sir Henry Irving's greatest successes on the Lyceum Stage. In his ballad of *The Revenge* he showed himself capable of the virile simplicity of Drayton. But his great charm lies in the fusion of imaginative passion with a perfect musical delicacy (see No. 56). For exquisite melodic rhythm and vivid delineation by the mere sound of well-chosen words, he has no rival (see Nos. 68 and 77). Beside the above his chief poems are *The Princess*, *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*, *Maud*, *Enoch Arden*, and *Lucretius*, and his dramas *Queen Mary*, and *Harold*.

Warton, Joseph, 1722—1800, (No. 44) Poet and critic; wrote translations of Virgil's *Eclogues* and *Georgics*, and *Odes* on several subjects.

Webb W. Trego, (No. 60) A living author. Formerly Professor in the Presidency College, Calcutta. Author of *Indian Lyrics*, *Select Epigrams of Martial for English readers*, *Four Children in Prose and Verse*, and a humorous *Book of Bad Children*, with appropriate "morals."

Wesley, Charles, 1708—1788, (No. 88) Was the poet of the great religious revival which issued in the formation of the Methodist denomination and the rise of the "Evangelical" party in the national Church. His brother John was the preacher and organiser of the movement; Charles fostered its devotional life by his hymns, which often teach the highest level of poetic genius and religious fervour.

Wolfe, Charles, 1791—1823, (No. 22) An Irish clergyman now remembered only for this poem.

Wordsworth, William, 1770—1850, (Nos. 10, 21, 32, 49, 62, 69, 70, 71, 72) Born in Cumberland educated

at the grammar school of Hawkshead, and at Cambridge. Travelled afterwards in France and Switzerland. Formed a friendship with Coleridge, and joined him in publishing the *Lyrical Ballads*. Travelled in Germany; then resided at Grasmere, finally settling there at Rydal Mount. In 1843 he succeeded Southey as Poet Laureate. He is at his best in his shorter pieces and Sonnets; and in scattered passages of his longer works, the *Prelude* and the *Excursion*. He was the great leader in the revolt against the conventional poetry of artificial form and phrase, which had almost completely dominated English taste up to his day. Nature and Truth were his watchwords; and the dignity of Man as man.

Wotton, Sir Henry, 1568—1639, (No. 18) Diplomatist, poet, and miscellaneous prose-writer.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase) ...	23
A Chieftain to the Highlands bound ...	47
Adieu, adieu ! my native shore ...	54
All the world's a stage ...	129
Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers ...	83
A simple child ...	9
Awake, my soul, and with the sun ...	61
Between the dark and the daylight ...	18
Breathes there the man, with soul so dead ...	30
But soon there breathed a wind on me ...	
By the shores of Gitche Gumee ...	117
Come, when no graver cares employ ...	136
Do you ask what the birds say ? ...	3
Earth has not anything to show more fair ...	142
Ethereal minstrel ! pilgrim of the sky ..	138
Ever let the Fancy roam ! ...	180
Fair Daffodils, we weep to see ...	2
Fair pledges of a fruitful tree ...	27
Father of all ! in ev'ry age ...	175
Fear no more the heat o' the sun ...	131
Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove ! ...	5
Hail, holy Light, offspring of Heaven first-born ...	126

Hail meek-eyed maiden, clad in sober gray	...	84
Half a league, half a league,	113
Hamelin Town's in Brunswick	88
Happy the man, whose wish and care	26
Here, in cool grôt, and mossy cell	35
Here lies, whom hound did ne'er pursue	111
How happy is he born and taught	25
How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth	125
How vainly men themselves amaze	170
I come from haunts of coot and hern	167
If aught of oaten stop or pastoral song	172
I have a garden of my own	3
In the ranks of the Austrian you found him	15
In the sweet shire of Cardigan	103
I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he,	19
Is there, for honest poverty	115
It was a summer evening	33
I wander'd lonely as a cloud	27
John Gilpin was a citizen	37
Like a lone island on the wide expanse	184
Men say, Columbia, we shall hear thy guns	87
Mid Himalaya's heights I gazed, that bound	128
Mountain gorses, ever-golden,	12
Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold	142
My days among the Dead are past	132
My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains	177
My mind to me a kingdom is	107

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note	...	28
O blithe new-comer ! I have heard	130
Oft I had heard of Lucy Gray	52
Oft in the stilly night	50
Oh, hush thee, my baby ! thy sire was a knight	...	8
Oh that those lips had language ! Life has passed		78
O Mary, go and call the cattle home	...	63
Our bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud had lowered	49
Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll	...	85
Shepherd Divine, our wants relieve	...	187
She was not as pretty as women I know	...	59
So all day long the noise of battle roll'd	...	158
Stern Daughter of the Voice of God	...	139
Sweet Auburn ! loveliest village of the plain	...	143
Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean	...	123
The curfew tolls the knell of parting day	...	153
The moving Moon went up the sky	...	65
The poplars are fell'd ; farewell to the shade	...	4
The rain had fallen, the poet arose	...	36
There are twelve months throughout the year	...	7
The sun does arise	6
The western waves of ebbing day	...	99
The World is too much with us ; late and soon	...	141
They say that God lives very high	...	1
Thick lay the dust, uncomfortably white	...	183
This England never did, nor never shall	...	135

This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle	...	135
Thou art, O God ! the life and light	...	24
Thus by himself compelled to live each day	...	78
To be, or not to be : that is the question	...	133
Toll for the brave !	13
Under a spreading chestnut tree	57
Vain, very vain, my weary search to find	...	152
Vogelweid the Minnesinger	109
We watch'd her breathing thro' the night	...	185
What was he doing, the great god Pan	...	76
Whom all thy mercies, O my God	185
When God at first made Man	62
When I consider how my light is spent	...	126
Ye Mariners of England	31